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JULY, 1892] [No. 39.

WHERE WARREN HASTINGS RESTS.

BY

SIR CHARLES LAWSON,

Fellow of the University of Madras.

PLATES.

Where Warren Hastings Rests.

Certificates of Warren Hastings's Baptism, &c.

His Petition for a Writership in the E. I. Company.

Portrait of Mrs. Hastings by Ozias Humphry, R.A.

Letter from Warren Hastings to Lord North.

Portrait of Warren Hastings by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Ticket of Admission to Warren Hastings's Trial.

Daylesford House, Worcestershire.

Letters of Warren Hastings and Mrs. Hastings.

Daylesford Church, from the Rectory Garden.

The Warren Hastings Statue in the India Office.

The Warren Hastings Monument in Westminster Abbey.

Illuminated Page from Warren Hastings's Library.

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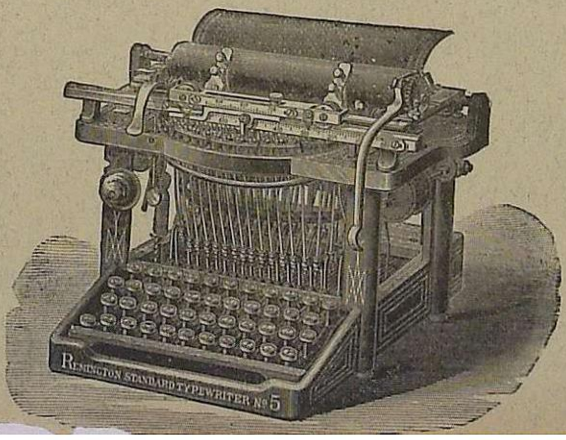

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"WHERE WARREN HASTINGS RESTS."

PREFATORY NOTE.

WHEN this article, by Sir Charles Lawson, on t' last resting place of Warren Hastings, originall appeared in the *Madras Mail,* I was so much interestec it, that I begged Mr. William Griggs to apply to t author for permission to reprint it, with appropriate illust ons, in the *Journal of Indian Art and Industry.* Sir Charles Lawson not only complied with this request, bu st generously insisted on rewriting the paper, adding many suggestive details of the domestic history of Warr Hastings, re-visiting Daylesford for the purpose, and bringing the whole article down to the date of the test available information regarding the first and greatest of the Governours-General of British India. ir Charles Lawson's article has indeed a particular interest and value at the present moment in connection the recently published *Selections from the Records of the Foreign Department of the Government of In a, 1772–85,* by Mr. G. W. Forrest, B.A., and Sir John Strachey's monograph on *Hastings and the Rohilla* r, proving as it does, and all the more impressively because quite unintentionally, that the brilliant succes f Warren Hastings as a public servant was based, as is happily so often found in the history of this count on his solid English worthiness in every relation of private life. He was the subject for a time of ruel calumnies, and his memory has for nearly a century been obscured by reckless misrepresentatio but men like Warren Hastings have always God on their side; Who, if patient, is unerring in His law, cl y and strongly distinguishing in the end between right and wrong, and thus from century to century working out t livine destiny of the world: while, looking through these illustrations of Sir Charles Lawson's article, one canno p feeling that, after all, it is some reparation for the wrongs of his life, that in death Warren Hastings s l have found, in the very place of his birth, so unpretentious and serene an English tomb, breathing ery spirit of the antique benediction:—"Peace be Here." In the darkest hour the patriot statesman of a f untry can know, when the profitable results of the painful labours of years are suddenly exposed to destruc y political rivals, with their wild mad whirlwind of words, wielding the ignorant masses of the people at r will, and turning them against him, and when he is assailed from every side by the crowd of parasites ever follow in the wake of great popular leaders, base-bred, foul-mouthed, mean fellows, Thersites-like, all the vile arts of insult and detraction; in this darkest hour of personal affront and national shame, th y, but complete vindication which the private and public character of Warren Hastings has at length rec should reanimate hope, and the sweet tranquillity of his sequestered grave breathe balm.

20 July, 1892. GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

The Journal of Indian Art and Industry.

WHERE WARREN HASTINGS RESTS.

By SIR CHARLES LAWSON.

TOO often has it happened that men who have rendered eminent service in building up the British Empire in India, have either dropped in harness, like Cornwallis and Elgin, or returned to their native land only to die, like Dalhousie and Canning. It was otherwise with Warren Hastings. He reached India when he was a lad; he left it shortly after completing his fifty-second year; ten years of trial followed; then came a period of tranquillity, which lasted for three and twenty years; and, at last, he died peacefully in his bed, in his eighty-sixth year, having long survived calumny and malice.

It is conjectured that he was descended from a Danish sea-king, who was vanquished by King Alfred of England, after a long career of what in our days would be called piracy; but one need not go so far back to establish his claim to belong to an old county family. Ethelbald, King of the Mercians, made a grant of the ford in the dale, called Daylesford, to Begia, "a servant of God," for the erection and support of a monastery, which is supposed to have been destroyed during the Heptarchy. In 874 Wereford, Bishop of Worcester, gave six manses in Daylesford to Ceolwulf, King of the Mercians, on easy conditions, for his own and three successive lives. A hundred years later, when the land had reverted to the Bishop of Worcester, it was conveyed to Æthelred, King of England, who gave it to Alfere, Earl of Mercia, by whom it was made over to his brother, Athelstan, for his life. About the time of the Norman invasion the land was seized by Agelwice, Abbot of Evesham, who, however, had to restore it to the Bishop of Worcester. Otto, the grabbing brother of the Conqueror, then possessed himself of the property; but eventually the Bishop established his superior right to it. A notice of Daylesford was duly entered in the Conqueror's Survey, known as the Domesday Book.

At this period Astrope de Hastings held lands at Fecko, in Warwickshire, and from him descended John Hastings, Baron of Abergavenny, created Earl of Pembroke. The Earls of Pembroke married thrice into the Royal Family; but for "five generations," it is recorded, the "father never saw the son, nor the son the father," owing to the sons being born posthumously. John Hastings, last Earl of Pembroke of that creation, died without issue, and the Earldom thereupon reverted to the Crown, and the Barony of Abergavenny went by marriage to another family. From another branch of the Hastings family sprang the Earls of Huntingdon. In the reign of Henry II. Milo de Hastings held land at Daylesford from the Bishop of Worcester; and either he, or a relative of the same name, "Sir Miles Hastings of Daylesford com: Wigorn," resided there during the reign of Edward I. The head of the family thus became lord of the manor of Daylesford. The son and heir of the second Milo, or Miles, namely, John Hastings of Daylesford in Worcester, and of Telford in Oxfordshire, married a daughter of Thomas Penyston, or Pynaston; the son and heir of this John Hastings married a daughter of Sir Richard York, Kt., of York; and the succeeding son and heir, Simon Hastings, died, aged eighty-two, at Daylesford in 1627, and was buried in the parish church. His tomb bears the following inscription:—

"Doth marvel, reader, that I here do lye
Who might have made this church my canopy?
Why, 'tis no wonder. Should a strong-built story
Hinder my corps in mounting to its glory?
My parting soul forbad it; and withall
Charg'd me to chuse this place of buriall,
That this my tomb each passenger might tell
They must expect the sound of passing bell.
Eightie two years compleat my days did make
Before my mother earth me home did take,
And when her right in all mankind she leave
Heaven to the blest my purest earth receive."

A daughter of Simon Hastings married W. M. Gardiner, of Lagham, Surrey, son of Sir William Gardiner, Kt., "whose heir he was." The younger Gardiner died "ye fift of January, Ao 1632," aged thirty-two, at Daylesford, and the slab placed to his memory, close to the Communion table, bears a brass plate, on which he is represented in the costume of the period of James I. The following quaint inscription, on brass plates, runs around the edges of the slab:—

"A full carowse (vain world) let those drink up
That like thy sweetes: I did but kisse ye cup;
Thy best I tasted and dislik'd; for when
Thy enjoy'd pleasures doe but weary man
What will thy labors doe. This made mee soone
To seeke for rest before my age's noone.
Should any blame my haste let it suffice,
I went to bed betimes, betimes to rise."

During the Civil War Hastings of Daylesford vied with other Worcestershire gentlemen in making sacrifices first for Charles I., and, after that King's execution, for his fugitive son and heir. He joined the Royal Army as a volunteer; he sold his estate in Oxfordshire; he heavily mortgaged his property in Worcestershire; he parted with his plate in order to find money for the Royal exchequer; and, after disposing of half of his possessions for "the cause," he ransomed himself by making over most of the remaining half to Speaker Lenthal, of Cromwell's Parliament. He was thus beggared by his fidelity to his King and to the King's son; and, when the latter was restored to the throne, he does not seem to have thought of making the family compensation for the great losses which it had loyally sustained on his father's and his own behalf.

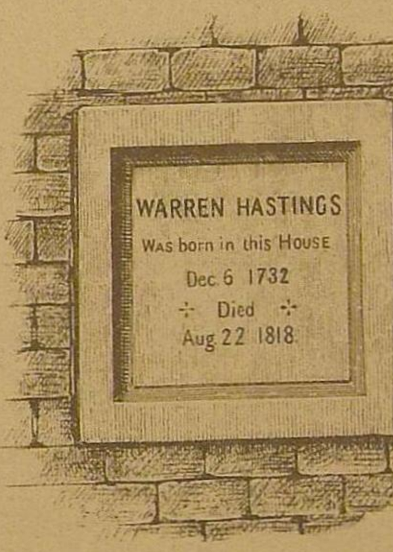
According to an old record, in which the name of the family is spelt in a variety of ways, the living of Daylesford was bestowed as follows between 1281 and 1701:—

Year.	Patron.	Incumbent.
1281	Thos. de Hastynge	Thos. de Cursen.
1302	Prior et Con. Wor	Wustan de Wygon.
1305	do.	Willis de Shireborn.
1325	Rolandus de Hastynge	Ds. Wills Trybe.
1335	Thos. Hastynge de Daylesford	Henricus Motte.
1364	Rex ratione custodie heredis	Philippus Haym.
1399	Laurentii de Hastynge defuncti ...	Henricus Bovere.
1419	Thos. Hastynge	Johannes Coleshull.
1481	Edwardus Hasting	Ricardus Bilhowey.
1482	do.	Will'us Atkinson.
1488	do.	Mauricius Berthram, A.M.
1490	do.	Will'us Vincent.
1491	Edwardus Hasting	Will'us Lake.
1525	Joh. Hastyngs	Joh. Haddington.
1543	do.	Ricardus Ireland.
1593	Simon de Hastyngs	Georgius Osboldston, A.M.
1645	Carolus rex ratione memoris etatis Joh de Hastynge	Johannus Wyld.
1646	do. do. do. ...	Tho. Bunce, A.M.
1661	Johannus Hastings	Johannus Stephens.
1679	Franc. Russell (Baronettus)	Com. Withom, A.M.
1690	Penyston Hastings	Carolus Penyston, A.M.
1701	do.	Penyston Hastings, A.B.

The last-named Rector was the grandfather of Warren Hastings. The Revd. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain General, states in his "Memoirs of Warren Hastings," that his hero's grandfather was the second son of Samuel, last lord of the manor; that the benefice was a poor one; that, like others in his situation, the Rector "preferred to share his indigence with a partner, rather than suffer it alone: so he married, and had two sons, the elder, named Howard, born in 1711, the younger, called Pynaston, in 1715." Mr. Gleig was under a misapprehension; for the name of the lord of the manor referred to was Penyston, not Samuel, he having been named after his mother's family, the Penystons of Coggs, in Oxfordshire; and this Penyston gave his name to his eldest son, whom he presented to the living in 1701. It is recorded in the old Parish Register at Daylesford, which is in a bad condition, that:—"The Revd. Mr. Penyston Hastings Clerke Batchelor of Arts was inducted into ye Parish Church of Daylsford in ye Diocess of Worcester ye 15th day of November 1701 and did ye Sunday next following in ye said parish church read ye morning and evening prayer of ye Church of England and did give his unfeigned assent and consent to ye Book of Common Prayer and did likewise read ye same day in ye time of divine service ye 39 Articles of ye Church of England and gave his unfeigned assent and consent to ye same and likewise did do and perform everything required of him by ye Act of Uniformity made ye 14th of ye Reign of King Charles ye 2nd."

The Rector married Priscilla Gardiner, of Lower Ginting, in 1703; and, according to Mr. Gleig, the Rector's second son, and namesake, was married in 1730, when he "could not have been more than fifteen years of age," to Hester Warren, daughter of Mr. Warren, proprietor of a small estate called Stubhill, near Twining, in Gloucestershire. Mr. Gleig then proceeded to say that the consequences of "a connection formed so improvidently were such as never fail to ensue in such cases. The young couple soon began to experience the extremity of remorse and destitution. How they managed to subsist at all I am quite at a loss to conceive. . . . Yet they did live together for two years, during which his wife presented her boy-husband with two children. . . . Warren Hastings was born on the 6th December, 1752, and his mother died a few days afterwards. . . . His father seems to have quitted Churchill, almost immediately on the decease of his wife." Lord Macaulay took it for granted that Mr. Gleig had authority for his assertions; and, in his famous essay, he stated that young Pynaston was an "idle, worthless boy."

Gleig alludes to the baptism of Warren Hastings in the parish church of Churchill, but he could not have consulted the register; for he would then have discovered that Warren is there described as, "son of the Revd. Mr. Penniston Hastings," and he would have seen the improbability of a lad of seventeen being in holy orders. This improbability led me to make further enquiries; and I have now been informed by Mr. W. H. Woodman-Hastings, grandson of the sister of Warren Hastings, who has inherited, and resides on the Stubhill estate, that his great-grandfather, the so-called "boy," was the eldest of four children, and was born at a place called Cornwell, near Daylesford, in 1704; being followed by Priscilla, born at Cornwell in 1706; Howard, born at Daylesford in 1711; and Samuel, born at Daylesford in 1715. Following his father's example, the Rector had his eldest son named after himself, and educated for the Church. Eventually he sent the youth to Balliol College, Oxford, where he matriculated. The following is the entry in the Admission Book of the College:—"March 26, 1724. *Penistone Hastings filius unicus Penistoni Hastings Clericus de Daleford in agro Worcestien: admissus est communarius.*" As the Rector had three sons at this date, it is supposed that *unicus* in the entry was a clerical error, as *primus* would have been more correct. The presentations for Degrees are carefully entered in the College Bursar's books, and the lists for 1724 and for several succeeding years have been searched for me in vain for proof that Penyston graduated at Balliol. Nor is it known when or where he was ordained; but it is evident that in 1730 he was six-and-twenty years of age, instead of "not more than fifteen." His wife was baptised in the parish church of Twining, in 1705; and was, therefore, aged five-and-twenty when she married. As to his condition of life during his residence at Churchill, I need only say that a visit to the town has shewn me that his son was born in a substantially built, commodious, and well-situated house, which no person in "the extreme of destitution" would dream of taking, and which no young clergyman now-a-days—not to speak of a century and a half ago—would mind occupying. I took a sketch of the house, which Mr. Griggs has reproduced. A tablet, on which it is stated that "Warren Hastings was born here," has been placed on the front of the house by Earl Ducie, who has also had a pile of stones erected on a small green near the house, "in memory of William Smith, the Father of British Geology," who was born at Churchill in 1769, and died at Northampton in 1839.



The young widower, it is alleged, "went to one of the West India Islands, where he died." This is hearsay, but Mr. Woodman-Hastings does not doubt that his great-grandfather left the country after the death of his wife, and was heard of no more. If Penyston Hastings entertained for his wife an affection at all resembling that which his son cherished for his second wife, he might have been heart-broken by her death after two short years of happiness, and have fled in despair from kin and country. As for the first Penyston Hastings, lord of the manor, great-grandfather of Warren, he was compelled in 1715 to sell the Daylesford estate, the purchaser being Mr. Jacob Knight, a London merchant. The Rector, his son, subsequently engaged in ruinous litigation with this gentleman over the tithes, and migrated to Churchill, without, however, relinquishing his benefice, which he held for fifty-one years, or until 1752, when he died, and was buried in Daylesford churchyard.

Warren Hastings remained at Churchill, under the care of his grandfather, until his eighth year. The locality still answers to the description which William of Malmesbury gave of it some seven hundred years ago, as "a land rich in corn, productive of fruits in some parts by the sole favour of nature, in others by the art of cultivation, enticing even the loss to industry by the prospect of a hundredfold return." Other pleasures were beyond the Rector's reach; but he was free to roam about the gently undulating and richly wooded neighbourhood; to conduct Divine service in the ancient church wherein his ancestors had

To the Hon.ble the Court of Directors of the United East India Company

The humble Petition of Warren Hastings aged Sixteen Years & upwards.

Sheweth

That your Petitioner has been bred up to Writing & Accounts, & being very desirous of Serving your Honours as a Writer in India

He therefore humbly prays your Honours will please to entertain him in that Station, which he promises to discharge with the greatest Diligence & Fidelity, & is ready to give such Security as your Honours shall require.

And your Petitioner (as in Duty bound,) shall ever pray.

Warren Hastings.

Novr 12th 1749

I do hereby certify yt Warren Son of the Revd Mr Penniston Hastings was baptiz'd the 15th day of December 1732 in the Parish Church of Churchill in the County of Oxford

Witness my hand

N. Sturges Minister of Churchill

Thos Hailes }
Wm: Cook } Churchwardens

To the Honble the Directors of the East India Company—

These are to certify that Warren Hastings has gone through a regular Course of Merchants Accounts

Christs Hospital
14. Novr 1749—

Thos Smith

Birthplace of Warren Hastings, at Churchill, Oxfordshire.

worshipped; and to cherish the hope that, as his little grandson, who was learning his letters in the village school, showed considerable mental capacity, he might perhaps retrieve the fortunes of the family. Macaulay remarks that:—"The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled the boy's young mind with wild fancies and projects. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors, of their splendid housekeeping, their loyalty, and their valour. On one bright summer day the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. Then, as three score and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded, and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die."

The boy was removed by his uncle Howard (who had obtained employment in the Customs in London), from the village School at Churchill when he was eight years old; was placed for three years at a small school at Newington, near London, where he was well taught, but ill fed; at ten he was transferred to Westminster School, where he became distinguished not only as a scholar, but also as a swimmer and rower; and at fourteen he was first in the examination for the foundation, which secured for him the distinction of having his name inscribed in gilt letters on the wall of his dormitory. He had some schoolfellows who also became men of mark, including Lord Shelburne, the poet Cowper, and Sir Elijah Impey. Hastings gave great promise of reflecting honour on the school; and when his uncle died, and his guardian and kinsman, Mr. Chiswick, a Director of the East India Company, resolved to send him to India, and with that object decided on removing him, at the age of sixteen, from Westminster, the Head Master interposed. When he was an old man Hastings commenced his autobiography, but wearied of the task after filling four pages. Those pages were found among his papers after his death, and have been shewn to me by Miss Marian Winter, of Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, grand-niece of Mrs. Hastings. In the earlier part of this fragment Hastings said:—"My uncle Howard, to whom I am indebted for my education, and for every other care of me which good principle unimpelled by natural affection could dictate, died in the year 1748. I was soon after taken from school. I hazard the imputation of vanity in yielding to the sense of gratitude and justice which is due to the memory of my ever revered master, Dr. Nicholls, to relate that, when I waited upon him to inform him of that purpose of my guardian, he, in the most delicate manner, remonstrated against it, adding that, if the necessity of my circumstances was the only course requiring my removal, and I should continue at school, he would undertake that it should be no expense to me. I have been told that many similar instances of his bounty were carried into effect. I could not profit by it."

Mr. Chiswick was a practical man as became a man of business. He may have cherished admiration, out of office hours, for the ancient classics in the abstract; but his experience warned him that a knowledge of book-keeping, and proficiency in penmanship would be more advantageous to a young "writer" in the Company's service than familiarity with Homer, and sympathy with Horace. The learned Doctor, on the other hand, entertained a profound respect for the ladder by which he had mounted to a certain eminence in the educational world; and it pained him to part with a remarkably clever pupil. Had Mr. Chiswick permitted his ward to accept the Doctor's generous offer, Warren Hastings may have joined the noble army of schoolmasters, after distinguishing himself as a scholar in poor circumstances at Oxford. But Mr. Chiswick insisted on his leaving Westminster, and placing himself under private instruction in accounts and caligraphy at the hands of Mr. Thomas Smith, Writing

Master of Christ's Hospital. In due course Hastings obtained from Mr. Smith a certificate, stating that he had "gone through a regular course of Merchants' Accounts;" but he did not acquire an aptitude for finance; and, like some other great men who have had a soul above figures, he paid dearly in private life for his inefficiency in this respect. But he may have been in some measure indebted to the precept and practice of Mr. Smith for the excellence of his handwriting. It will be seen from the facsimile of the certificate which accompanies these remarks that the instructor wrote a "good business hand," and that that hand is reflected in the facsimile of his pupil's application for employment. In after life Hastings conducted a very large official and private correspondence; and the many specimens of his letters, and of the duplicates that he made, which are still in existence, show that it was habitual with him to dispense with an amanuensis, and to write so that he who ran might read.

In his "humble petition" to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, Hastings stated that he was "aged sixteen and upwards;" represented that he had "been bred up to Writing and Accounts;" and that, "being very desirous of serving" their "Honours as a Writer in India," he prayed them "to entertain him in that Station," which he promised "to discharge with the greatest Diligence and Fidelity." He also said that he was ready to give such security as their Honours might require. The writership was obtained, and Hastings embarked without delay for Calcutta, where he arrived in January, 1750, a few days after completing his seventeenth year.

He remained two years in that city, was then posted to Cossimbazar, and was employed "in making bargains for stuffs with native brokers." In 1756 he married the widow of Captain Campbell, of the Company's service, who bore him two children—a daughter, who lived but nineteen days, and a son, who was sent home for education, but died very young. Mrs. Hastings died at Cossimbazar, when her husband was Resident at that station, shortly after the birth of her son. There was some resemblance between her fate and that of her husband's mother; but very little is known about the period of his life with which she was associated. He was summoned to Calcutta in 1761, in his twenty-ninth year, as a Member of Council; and in 1764 he returned to England, after an absence of fourteen years, having realised a "very moderate fortune," the greater part of which he left in Bengal, in view to obtaining a high rate of interest. He was generous to such relatives as he found in England—too generous, as it proved, for his own comfort, since his investments in Bengal proved so ill-advised that he lost all the savings that he had left behind him. He found that the widow of his uncle Howard was in poor circumstances, and he purchased an annuity of £200 a year for her. His sister had married Mr. Woodman, who subsequently became steward to the Duke of Bridgewater; and to her he made a present of £1,000.

He remained four years at home, and was then compelled by pecuniary embarrassments to solicit re-employment in India. The Directors knew his worth, and appointed him second in Council in the Government of Mr. Du Pré at Madras, at the age of thirty-seven. They informed the Madras Government that, "Mr. Warren Hastings, a gentleman who has served us many years upon the Bengal establishment with great ability and unblemished character, offering himself to be employed again in our service, we have, from a consideration of his just merits, and general knowledge of the Company's affairs, been induced to appoint him one of the members of our Council at your Presidency, and to station him next below Mr. Du Pré. He will proceed in one of the Coast and Bay ships, by which you will be advertised of such further directions as may be necessary concerning his appointment." Outfit allowances were not yet granted to Governors and Councillors; and Hastings, it is said, "was forced to borrow money for his outfit, but he did not withdraw any portion of the sum which he had appropriated to the relief of his distressed relations."

The voyage was destined to exert a memorable influence on the remainder of Hastings's long life. Among the passengers were Baron Christopher Adam Imhoff, a native of Franconia in Germany, and his wife and child. Macaulay says that this gentleman "called himself a Baron," implying that he was nothing of the sort; and he added, on the authority of Gleig, that "he was in distressed circumstances, and was going out to Madras as a portrait-painter, in the hope of picking up some of the pagodas which were then lightly got and as lightly spent by the English in India." Imhoff was probably in reduced circumstances, but he was a Baron for all that; and he was not bound for Madras. It appears from a carefully compiled genealogical tree in the possession of Miss Winter, that he was seventeenth in direct descent from a Crusader of the name of Hoff, upon whom a German Emperor bestowed a coat of arms, and conferred the prefix of "Im," in recognition of an act of great gallantry in the field. He was the third son of Baron Christopher Imhoff; and a near kinsman of Baron Gustave Imhoff, who was appointed Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies in 1740, and in whose honour a large silver medal, bearing his image, with an appropriate superscription, was struck. This medal was bequeathed to Sir Charles Imhoff, from whom it has descended to Miss Winter. Baron Imhoff married Marie Anne von Chapuset, whose family (ennobled in Germany) is believed to have migrated from France to Germany after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He had had three children before he left Nuremberg for Bengal, namely, a son named Ernest, who died in infancy; the above-named Charles, then aged two; and a daughter, named Amalie, who married General von Helwig, of the Prussian Army, and achieved some distinction as an authoress. It was Charles who accompanied his parents to India.

The following list of passengers on board the *Duke of Grafton* has been brought to light for me at the India Office:—

For Madras: Warren Hastings, Esq. (Deputy Governor of Fort St. George), the Rev. A. Salmon, Lieutenant John Searle, John Charles Maclin (Writer), William Syce (Cadet), Acton Wollaston (Cadet), Travers Danver Taylor (Cadet), Hugh Dilkes Harding (Cadet), Clement Higginbotham (Cadet), Ralph Winstanley Wood (Cadet).

For Bengal: Mr. and Mrs. Imhoff and child, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Miss Pearce, John Moulton (Free Mariner), Daniel Redmond, Thomas de B. McLaughlin Philip de Lisle, Benjamin Whitehead (Cadet), Thomas Reynolds (Cadet), Hugh Munro (Cadet), John Jefferson (Cadet), James Denty (Cadet), George Douglas (Cadet), George Anderson Eastland (Cadet), William Nassau Green (Cadet), the Honourable Frederick Stewart (Writer), Adam Callender, Esq. (Captain of Infantry), Archibald Ramsay, Charles Barber, Thomas Hatch, Philip Coates, Richard Long, John Hicks (Ship's Carpenter), Hugh Burridge and Henry Griffith (servants); and Sukey, Maria, and Rose (Native maid servants).

Hastings was a young widower with fancy free, and it is assumed that there was much in him that offered a pleasing contrast to the characteristics of the Baron; while there was much to attract him in the amiability and intelligence of the Baroness. Macaulay admits that "she had an agreeable person, a cultivated mind, and manners in the highest degree pleasing." This must be an accurate description, for otherwise she would not have enlisted, on her return to Europe, the warm regard of such severe moralists as King George the Third and Queen Charlotte, as well as of Fanny Burney and Hannah More. Macaulay says that "she despised her husband heartily;" and Gleig argues that the "union was one of those against which Nature protests, and which are never contracted without entailing on the ill-fated pair long years of discomfort, if not of positive misery." There is a good deal of assumption in this, but her conduct warranted the criticism that the Baroness "was the wife of one whom she had never loved." The pair were ill-matched; yet they may have made the best of their bargain for the sake of their children had they not encountered Warren Hastings. He is proved by his poetical effusions, and by his voluminous correspondence, to have been a man of deep feeling. He never experienced a parent's love; but was brought up in a hard fashion, and was shipped off, while still a lad, to foreign parts, where his lot hitherto had been an anxious one. His first marriage was not fruitful of prolonged happiness; and he had been driven by impecuniosity, and the difficulty of obtaining employment in England, back to the East. He cherished a taste for classical literature, which beguiled him on his way, but he found greater distraction from the monotony of the voyage in the society of the Baroness.

Gleig observes in a professional manner that, "as if it had been God's will to try the strength of their principles to the utmost, Mr. Hastings was seized with a dangerous illness during the voyage, throughout the whole of which the Baroness nursed him with a sister's care, watching by his bedside, often when he knew it not, and administering to

MRS. HASTINGS,

FROM A SKETCH BY OZIAS HUMPHRY, R.A,

(REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. BENTLEY)

in Collotype by W. Griggs & Sons.

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him all the medicines with her own hand." The Baron must have permitted this exhibition of solicitude; and he must have decided to land, and remain at the port to which the patient was bound in an influential capacity. But, soon after the ship had reached Madras, either the Baron, with his wife's approval, or she with his, or both together, wrote to Germany, and filed a suit in the Court of Franconia for the dissolution of their marriage on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Gleig states that they "lived together with good repute a whole year in Madras." They preceded Hastings to Calcutta; and, shortly after his arrival there, he remarked in a letter, that she "has a good person, and has been very pretty, and wants only to be a greater mistress of the English language to prove that she has a great share of wit." It was not until 1775, or six years after the suit was filed, that the decree of divorce arrived in Calcutta. The Baron then returned to Germany, where, in the same year, he married a lady of noble birth, named Von Schad; and the Baroness's marriage with the Governor-General was celebrated with great festivity in Calcutta.

It has been assumed by some critics, who have not been animated by ill-will to Hastings, that his relations with the Baroness were not free from grave reproach; but, in the absence of reliable evidence on the subject, and in view to the characters of both parties as revealed after their marriage, it may be reasonably inferred that this conclusion is erroneous. Macaulay was a severe judge of Hastings, yet he declared that "his love was characteristic of the man. Like his hatred, like his ambition, like all his passions, it was calm, deep, earnest, patient of delay, unconquerable by time." Hastings was very ambitious, and it could not have seemed to him conducive to his advancement to engage, under the close observation of cadets and writers, in an intrigue with a married woman, first on a crowded East Indiaman, and then in the glare of publicity in a settlement where he occupied a prominent position, and which he desired to make the stepping-stone to higher things. He had a good character and good friends to lose. "I know too well," he remarked, in a letter from Madras to a Director of the East India Company, "both the proneness which people in general have to misrepresent the actions of those in authority, and the too great readiness with people at home to credit implicitly such misrepresentation;" and it was, he said, his constant aim to show, "by the general tenour of my conduct," that "I have the good of the Company at heart, and I neglect no part of my duty." Self-control and self-respect were guiding principles of his life; and though, as events proved, he was capable of a romantic love that glowed without diminution for nearly fifty years, he cherished a high ideal of public duty and private responsibility which would have been outraged had he afforded ground for the moralist's censure. He made many friends, but he also made many enemies; and, almost from the time that he left Madras until the termination of his trial, a period of twenty-three years, he was the object of the inveterate hostility of able men, who sought to blacken his character in order to accomplish his ruin. But, with suggestive unanimity, his foes refrained from alleging that he had deserved reprobation by his intimacy with the Baroness; and it may be assumed, therefore, that they understood that that intimacy, however equivocal it may have seemed to some persons, was nothing worse than a platonic attachment which had not given occasion for local scandal. Sir Philip Francis, at any rate, would not have been deterred by any scruples from employing his genius for vituperation in holding up the moral weakness of Hastings to the scorn of the virtuous; yet, with every temptation to gratify his rancorous hatred of his senior in Council, with whom he had nothing in common, he remarked in a letter to his wife, after the marriage of Hastings, that "the lady is really an accomplished woman; she behaves with perfect propriety in her new station, and deserves every mark of respect." Praise from Philip Francis was praise indeed.

Hastings entered upon the duties which devolved upon him at Fort St. George with characteristic ardour. He was chiefly engaged as export warehouse-keeper, *ex-officio*, and the experience that he had gained in a similar capacity in Bengal enabled him to check abuses, and to promote the best interests of the Company's trade. His success commended him to the authorities at the India House; and, two and a half years after he arrived in Madras, he was offered, and accepted, the Governorship of Bengal. He was ambitious of occupying a more influential and lucrative sphere of action than presented itself at Fort St. George; but he did not leave Madras without regret, for "I never did business," he wrote, "with men of as much candour, or in general of better disposition" than his colleagues in the local Council. He had lived "with much comfort" among "the people of this settlement;" and "I am flattered with the assurance that I shall leave more who are sorry than who are glad that they lose me." He then shipped two pipes of old Madeira, which he probably imported for his own consumption, to friends in England; embarked for Calcutta in the *Minerva*; and never saw Madras again.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to give an outline of his career, first as Governor of Bengal, and then as the first Governor-General of India, for Mill, Gleig, Macaulay, Trotter, Keene, Lyall, and Strachey, have almost exhausted the subject. I may, however, remark that, shortly after he assumed office, the Directors of the East India Company wrote to the President and Council of Fort William:—"We wish we could refute the observation that almost every attempt made by us and our administration at your Presidency for the reform of abuses has rather increased them, and added to the miseries of the country we are anxious to protect and cherish. Are not the tenants more oppressed and wretched? Are our investments improved? Has not the raw silk and cocoons been raised upon us fifty per cent. in price? When oppression pervades the whole country, when youths have been suffered with impunity to exercise sovereign jurisdiction over the natives, and to acquire rapid fortunes by monopolising commerce, it cannot be a wonder to us, or yourselves, that native merchants do not come forward to contract with the Company, that the manufactures find their way through foreign channels, or that our investments are at once enormously dear and of debased quality. . . . It is, therefore, our resolution to aim at the root of those evils. Our President, Mr. Hastings, we trust, will set the example of temperance, economy, and application; and upon this we are sensible much will depend. And here we take occasion to indulge in the pleasure we have in acknowledging Mr. Hastings's services upon the coast of Coromandel in constructing, with equal labour and ability, the plan which has so much improved our investments there; and as we are persuaded he will persevere in the same laudable pursuit through every branch of our affairs in Bengal, he in return may depend on the steady support and favour of his employers."

In the year 1773 the Indian Regulation Act was passed in Parliament, at the instance of Lord North; and Bengal, which had previously ranked as a Presidency under Madras, and before Bombay, was constituted the chief and over-ruling province. Its Governor was at the same time made Governor-General of the three Presidencies, and Hastings was promoted to the new office. With him was associated a Council of four, namely, Mr. Barwell, of the Company's Bengal service, with Mr. Philip Francis, General Clavering, and Mr. Monson, who were sent out from England. Fortified by the complacent assurance that human nature is the same everywhere, the new arrivals tested Oriental men and Oriental things by Occidental standards, and passed judgment thereon with a light heart and heroic platitudes, little realising that the longer observant Europeans live in, work for, and sympathise with India, the more do they realise the magnitude and difficulty of the task of grafting Western upon Eastern modes of thought, feeling, and practice. Instead of giving respectful consideration to the local experience which had been laboriously accumulated by Hastings and Barwell, they systematically ignored it; and, priding themselves on their open minds, and their freedom from race prejudice, they habitually placed the Governor-General in a minority, and unhesitatingly brought his authority into contempt.

On the 14th December, 1774, Hastings wrote a demi-official letter to Lord North, thanked him for his new appointment, and alluded to the chronic feud in the Council, in consequence of the unconciliatory proceedings of the persons who had been selected by the Premier to assist in carrying his plans into execution. On the same day he wrote a letter to the Earl of

Rochford, of which I am enabled, by the kind permission of the Secretary of State for India, to give a facsimile. It is as follows :—

"The mode adopted by Parliament for communicating to His Majesty's Secretaries of State 'all such Letters and Advices as shall any way relate to the civil and military Affairs and Government of this Country,' renders it proper for me to take the earliest Opportunity of paying my humble Respects to your Lordship, and of assuring you that it will ever afford me the most heartfelt Satisfaction to merit the Distinction with which I have been honored in being the first Person nominated to fill the Office of Governor-General of Bengal.

"My past conduct in the several appointments held under the Company will, I hope, prove to your Lordship the zeal which has actuated me for the service of my Country, as well as the Moderation and Circumspection with which I have at all times endeavoured to conduct myself. Your Lordship will, therefore, do me the justice to believe that every event which occasions difference of opinion between me and the members joined with me in the Administration must give me the deepest concern, especially in the very commencement of the new Government. The Rise and Progress of such difference your Lordship will find distinctly marked in the dispatches now sent home, which will be officially laid before you by the Court of Directors. To these dispatches I shall entirely trust for the Defence of my Conduct in those matters which have been objected to me as faulty, though attended with consequences the most beneficial for the Company and the Nation. I shall abstain in this Letter from every species of Accusation against those who have occasioned the Distraction of our Councils, lamenting that they did not bring that conciliating Spirit with them with which they found me ready to meet them, and which might have tended to heal any Differences incident to a Diversity of Opinion.

"If the Decision of my Superiors on these Disputes shall disappoint the Expectations which I may have been too sanguine in indulging, I shall receive it with becoming Resignation, and with the consolation of having acted for the best. But should I be happy enough to meet with the Approbation of my Sovereign and his Ministers, I shall in that Approbation find a comfort equal to the Grief and Anxiety which must continue to agitate me till the question is determined either for or against me. Permit me, however, to observe, without deviating from the Intention of this Address, that the Question is of great Magnitude and Importance, involving the future Progress or Decline of an Empire, and of its Commerce, most essential to the Prosperity of Great Britain. I have, &c."

The health of Mrs. Hastings began to fail in 1783, after fourteen years' continuous residence in "the plains;" and, on the 10th January, 1784, she embarked at Calcutta for England. He was then nearly fifty-two, and she thirty-seven years of age. Writing to his friend, Sir Elijah Impey, who had recently returned home, Hastings said, "I have made a sacrifice of my own judgment, my ease, and possibly the comfort and happiness of my whole life, to the opinions of others." He must have found some consolation when writing the numerous letters to "my beloved, my most amiable, my best Marian," which she preserved, and which are now in the British Museum. "I followed your ship with my eyes till I could no longer see it, and I passed a most wretched day with a heart swol'n with affliction, and a head raging with pain. Yesterday morning I held in my arms all that my heart holds dear; and now she is separated from me as if she had no longer existence! O! my Marian, I am wretched. . . . I love you more by far than life, for I would not live but in the hope of being once more united to you." This was from Culpee. On the following day he returned to Calcutta, and wrote that he had been relieved by much employment, "yet the instant that I am left to myself, and my ivory cot affords me no comfort, all my distresses rush back upon my thoughts, and present everything in the most gloomy prospect." He tried to indulge the imagination of seeing her; of hearing her conversation; of feeling her hand on his brow; but this "momentary illusion instantly disappears, and shows me through the void all the delights of that entertainment whose image I seek, and which my fancy cannot recover—the beloved face, the animated and varied expression of features, the look of benevolence unspeakable, the sweet music of her tongue, and a thousand imperceptible graces that embellished her words, and gave them the power of expression exceeding the strongest efforts of the understanding." In a later letter he alluded to his having been indebted to his first illness "for such a proof of your affection as is almost without example;" and added that, since that time he had not "perceived any alteration in that tenderness which I before experienced, and which constituted the great and only blessing of my life." He took himself to task for his neglect of her, and declared that "were I present with you, my constant attentions, and the evidences which my love would produce every hour, and every instant of its reality," would prevent the effect of that neglect "on a heart so generous as yours." His conscience reproached him with "a long catalogue of offences," and every trivial incident of the kind referred to "now appears with a black dye before me." But, "it is not so in my remembrance of your behaviour, which I look back upon with love, respect, and admiration;" and he begged her to recall "with what delight, my sweet Marian, you have known me frequently quit the scene of business, and run up to your apartment for the sake of deriving a few moments of relief from the looks, the smiles, and the sweet voice of my beloved."*

A letter from his wife, dated St. Helena, 15th May, reached the Governor-General at Benares on the 30th September, and gave him great delight. "I am, indeed," he wrote to her in reply, on the following day, "I am, indeed, a fortunate man, and am tempted to adopt the term even to superstition; and no wonder, for the belief has seized others long since, and universally." He congratulates himself on the fact that her letter "is written in the language of cheerfulness and of affection. . . . I am already happy; for as God is my witness that I prefer your happiness to my own I feel the measure of my present joy full. I have food enough for my heart to feast on for more than a week to come. . . I have but one wish remaining (yes, one more), viz., to be able to leave the stage of active life while my fortune is in the zenith of its prosperity, and while I have a constitution yet reparable. . . May the God whose goodness I have so wonderfully experienced bless you with health, safety, and comfort, and me with the repossession of my sweet Marian! Amen! Amen! Amen! I never loved you so much as I do at this instant." A week afterwards he added a postscript of a most tender nature, and said, in conclusion, "I shall hasten to Calcutta, and, if possible, leave it again before the end of this year. Adieu, my most beloved! Adieu!" Other love-letters have been written in Government House, Calcutta, including those which the lonely Earl of Minto addressed, during the course of his seven years' exile, to his beloved Countess in Scotland (who was to see him alive no more, as he died immediately after returning from India, when travelling from London to meet her at Minto Castle); but the *billets doux* of the first Governor-General of India are probably unique.

Letters, however, are a poor substitute for the presence of a beloved object; and Hastings found time in the intervals of the business of the State to indulge his life-long taste for poetical composition. Some of these were copied, in his own neat handwriting, in a volume, bound in morocco and gold, that he presented to his wife, and which is now treasured by Miss Winter. The collection opens with the following sonnet by way of dedication :—

"This Book replete with many a varied lay,
Which stream, though diverse, from one common source,
To thee, my Marian, seeks its destin'd course;
Thy right; which I in grateful tribute pay.
For 'twas from thee alone its glowing ray
My genius drew, that with resistless force
Impell'd me first to sing; else mute, or hoarse,
Nor daring in the Muses' walks to stray:

There, frequent as the Summer's insects, rove,
'Mid the gay scenes where Youth and Beauty shine;
Those who the sweets of transient Passion prove:
But rare, whose path is one unvaried line
Of wedded courtship, and domestic love;
For rare the merit of a heart like thine.

Ye, who the common suff'rings feel
Of love, yet wish your pains to heal,
To distant plains and objects rove;
For absence is the cure of love.
But why should I, ill judging, roam
With risk of such a change at home?
Nor Time, nor Space, though both combine,
Can cure a heart of love like mine.

Wilt thou, my Marian, when we meet,
With equal joy thy lover greet?
Wilt thou his transports share, and prove
That absence is no cure for love?"

* Quoted in "Echoes from Old Calcutta," by Brigade-Surgeon H. D. Busteed, C.I.E. London: Macmillans.

Fort William 4th December 1774.

To the Right Hon'ble
The Earl of Rochford

My Lord

The Mode adopted by Parliament for communicating to his Majesty's Secre=taries of State "all such Letters and Advices as shall any Way relate to the civil and military Affairs and Government of this Country", renders it proper for me to take the earliest Opportunity of paying my humble Respects to your Lord=ship, and of assuring you that it will ever afford me the most heartfelt Satisfaction to merit the Distinction with which I have been honored in being the first Person nominated to fill the Office of Governor Genl. of Bengal.

My past Conduct in the several

enough to meet with the Approbation of my Sovereign and his Ministers, I shall in that Approbation find a Comfort equal to the Grief & Anxiety which must continue to agitate me till the Question is determined either for or against me. Permit me however to observe, without deviating from the Intention of this Address, that the Question is of great Magnitude and Importance, involving the future Progress or Decline of an Empire, and of its Commerce, most essential to the Prosperity of Great Britain.

I have the Honor to be with the greatest Respect

My Lord

Your most obedient
and most faithful
Servant
Warren Hastings.

Fort William Decr. 1774
Mr Hasting
Rd July 1775 under
cover of Mr Grant

several Appointments held under the Company will, I hope, prove to your Lordship the Zeal which has actuated me for the Service of my Country, as well as the Moderation and Circumspection with which I have at all Times endeavored to conduct myself. Your Lordship will therefore do me the Justice to believe that every Event which occasions a Difference of Opinion between me and the Members joined with me in the Administration must give me the deepest Concern, especially in the very Commencement of the new Government. — The Rise and Progress of such Difference your Lordship will find distinctly marked in the Dispatches now sent home, which will be officially laid before you by the Court

of

of Directors. — To these Dispatches I shall entirely trust for the Defence of my Conduct in those Matters which have been objected to me as faulty, though attended with Consequences the most beneficial for the Company and the Nation. — I shall abstain in this Letter from every Species of Accusation against those who have occasioned the Distraction of our Councils, lamenting that they did not bring that conciliating Spirit with them with which they found me ready to meet them, and which might have tended to heal any Differences incident to a Diversity of Opinion.

If the Decision of my Superiors on these Disputes shall disappoint the Expecta=tions which I may have been too sanguine in indulging, I shall receive it with becoming Resignation, and with the Consolation of having acted for the best. But should I be happy

enough

The book contains a lengthy ode entitled "Rooroo and Promodbora—a Hindoo Tale, borrowed from Mr. Wilkins's Translation of the Mahâ-bhaurut, and sent from Patna to England in the year 1784." He tells the tale, and proceeds to apply the moral:—

"And now, my Marian, from its shackles free,
My wearied fancy turns for ease to thee;
To thee, my compass through life's varied stream,
My constant object, and unfailing theme.
Torn from the bosom of my soul's repose,
And self-devoted to surrounding woes,
Oft o'er my solitary thoughts I brood—
(For passing crowds to me are solitude)—
Catch thy lov'd image, on thy beauties dwell,
Improv'd by graces which no tongue can tell,
The look, which I have seen, by love endear'd,
The voice to love attun'd, which I have heard.
Or rapt in thoughts of higher worth, adore
Thy virtues, drawn by mem'ry's faithful store;
Or court, as now obsequious at her shrine,
The Muse, unkind on ev'ry theme but thine.
Nor foreign deem from such a frame of mind
This tale, to meet thy gracious ear design'd.
To me, and to my state, alike belong
The subject, and the moral, of my song.
'Tis true, no serpent of envenom'd breath
Hath stung my love, ere yet a bride, to death;
And, O! may Heav'n for many years to come,
Preserve her life from Nature's final doom!
Yet is she lost to me, in substance dead,
With half the travers'd globe between us spread:
Dreadful transition! in one moment's cost
My soul's whole wealth I saw, and held, and lost.
Then Fate and Silence clos'd life's blissful scene,
Its being past, as it had never been.
The sad remembrance only now remains,
And by contrasting aggravates my pains.
Hope still attendant and delusive stands,
And points, but coldly points, to distant lands;
Gilds their faint summits with her flatt'ring ray;
But deserts, rocks, and seas obstruct the way;
And age, and sickness, and the clouds that teem
With unknown thunders, through the prospect gleam.

Ah me! no Gods, nor Angels now descend,
The sons of men in pity to befriend!
My sufferings else might some kind Spirit move
To give me back on terms the wife I love:
And more than half my life would I resign,
For health, her purchase, and herself, for mine.
Borne by the Pow'rs of Air, or she should rise,
Or I rejoin her through the distant skies.
No more my thoughts in solitude should mourn
My sweet companion from my presence torn;
Nor rigid duty force me to remain,
And see her sails diminish on the main.
To her my destin'd hours, though few, I'd give,
And while I liv'd, a life of bliss I'd live."

Mrs. Hastings reached England after a long voyage; and, a fortnight after her arrival, she was presented by Lady Weymouth to King George the Third and Queen Charlotte. Two more weeks passed, and she was again received by their Majesties; and, according to a letter that was written to Hastings by his agent, Major Scott, who escorted her on this occasion, she "met with still greater marks of attention if possible." After talking some time to Mrs. Hastings the amiable Queen turned to Major Scott, and said:—"I am very glad to observe that Mrs. Hastings is so much recovered; she looks infinitely better than when I saw her a fortnight ago, and I hope this country will soon restore her to perfect health." In replying to his wife's letter describing her reception in England, Hastings wrote:—"The attentions shown to you on your arrival, though what I expected, make no small part of my rejoicing. Something might at the first have been yielded to you on my account; more, surely, to your character, which had preceded you, and your character is marked with virtues, all original, and such as would naturally excite respect; but I am certain that they who were your first visitors would have wished to repeat their visits early, and stimulate others with the same desire to see you." He subsequently described her appearance in an "epigram borrowed from the French":—

Flow'rs, Ribbands, Lappets, Feathers shaking,
And Cap that cost three weeks in making,
Pearls all in rows, and Pearls in drops,
And brilliant Pins set thick as hops,
Gay gown and Stomacher so fine,
And Petticoat of clouds divine,
With other silken things, and lac'd things!
Combin'd ye flutter forth, to shew
Your gaudy charms to public view:
Admiring swains with rapture eye
The Pageant, as it moves, and die:
And people call you Mrs. Hastings.

The friendliness of the Queen to a *divorcée* was regretted by Colonel Fairly and Captain Price, two of the King's equerries, and defended by Mrs. Schwellenberg, the Chief Keeper, and Miss Fanny Burney, the Assistant Keeper of the Queen's Robes. After a heated discussion on the subject at Windsor, Miss Burney noted in her Diary:—"I felt so sorry that poor Mrs. Hastings, whom I believe to be a most injured woman, should be so ill-defended, even by her most zealous friend, that I compelled myself to the exertion of coming forward in her behalf myself." She accordingly represented to the equerries that in England "a divorce could only take place upon misconduct," whereas in Germany "a divorce from misconduct prohibited a second marriage, which could only be permitted where the divorce was the mere effect of disagreement from dissimilar tempers." The equerries said that they had never heard this before; and Colonel Fairly added, that "it ought to be made known, both for the sake of Mrs. Hastings, and because she has been received at Court, which gave everybody the greatest surprise, and me, in my ignorance, the greatest concern on account of the Queen." Mrs. Schwellenberg confirmed her colleague's arguments, little dreaming that, in consequence of her habitual petulance towards that observant little lady, a great historian would, nearly sixty years afterwards, heap a variety of contumelious epithets on her head, and, in one of his essays, hand her down to posterity as, "an old hag from Germany," of "mean understanding," of "insolent manners," of "savage temper, exasperated by disease," a "hateful old maid," "rude," "peevish," "unable to conduct herself with common decency," an "execrable old woman," a "German crone," an "old fury" who "raged like a cat," and "raved like a maniac."

Hastings was now on the eve of bidding farewell to India. He had been delicate from childhood, and he was liable to intermittent fever; but being always abstemious in his habits, fond of exercise, and addicted to early hours, he enjoyed during his long residence in that country such equable health that he is not known to have been at any time incapacitated from work. He was marvellously diligent in the business of laying the foundation of the Empire; but he did not fret over his multifarious responsibilities, the inveterate hostility of his enemies, or the gravity of the problems that came rapidly up for solution. The supposed author of the "Letters of Junius" was his enemy, and Hastings felt "compelled to meet him in the field," in what he regarded as the "odious character of a duellist." He wrote to a friend as follows:—"The next day at the Council, Francis desired me to withdraw with him into a private apartment of the Council House, when, taking out of his pocket a paper, he read from it a challenge in terms. I accepted it; and, on the morning of the Thursday following, being the 17th, between the hours of five and six, we met. We exchanged shots at nearly the same instant; mine entered his side just behind his right shoulder, and lodged in the opposite side under the left. He fell, and was conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood, and I had the satisfaction of learning in two hours that he was in no manner of danger." Francis recovered; but the recollection of his defeat on this occasion rankled in his mind long afterwards, and increased his ardour in assisting to bring about the impeachment of his adversary.

There were in Hastings's day no Himalayan Capuas for jaded Europeans to flee to for the recuperation of body and mind, and the monotony of their existence in the damp heat of Bengal was not broken by daily whiffs of news from the outside world. Yet exile had its compensations; and Hastings found great solace in the society of his wife, and received from her sympathy a constant incentive to exertion. When, therefore, she was compelled to leave him, his life lost its chief charm, and he set his mind on the resignation of his Proconsulate. In 1784 he had at times felt, as he stated, "miserably bad;" but in September,

1785, he wrote from Benares to his wife, and said: "I am indeed in far better health than I was at this season of last year; but the best health that I gain, or can hope to gain in India, is but a palliative acquired with continual sacrifice and unmanly attentions. I want a multitude of aids to cure me thoroughly, all of which may be included in two comprehensive but comfortable terms, a hard frost, and my own fireside." Early in 1785 he wrote to the Court of Directors, and resigned his appointment, which he had then held for a continuous period of over fourteen years. On the 1st of February he gave over charge to the Council, and took leave of its members. He then embarked in the *Barrington*; and on the 7th idem—the birthday of his wife—he saw the last of the land where he had laboured so well.

He had a pleasant voyage home "without bad weather, in a clean and tight ship, with officers of skill and attention, and even of science; a society that I loved; and a rapid course." He employed his leisure on board in drawing up a retrospect of his administration; in disposing of arrears of correspondence; and in reading. He addressed an imitation of Horace, book ii., ode 16, "*Otium Divos*," &c., to his successor, John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth. He made an exceedingly neat copy of it on board in his diary; and many years afterwards he transcribed it into the book of his poems already referred to. Both copies are now before me. As this is the best of all his odes, I give the whole of it:—

For Ease the harrass'd seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The Cape's surrounding wave;
When hanging o'er the reef he hears
The cracking mast, and sees, or fears,
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For Ease the starv'd Mahratta spoils,
And hardier Sic erratic toils,
And both their Ease forego;
For Ease, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
The cover'd heart, bestow.

For neither wealth, nor titles join'd
Can heal the foul, or suff'ring mind,
Lo! where there owner lies!
Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes,
And Care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more
The lands his father own'd before
Is of true bliss possess'd;
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
And wise as well as blest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
Lest printed lies his fame destroy
Which laboured years have won;
Nor pack'd Committees break his rest,
Nor Av'rice sends him forth in quest
Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span; then why engage
In schemes for which Man's transient age
Was ne'er by Fate design'd;
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand?
What wand'rer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will
And discontent attend him still
Nor quit him while he lives:
At sea Care follows on the wind,
At land it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day
Should laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come:
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd at best is Man's estate,
By Heav'n's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,
With lacs enrich'd, with honors crown'd,
His valour's well earn'd meed.
Too long, alas! he liv'd, to hate
His envied lot, and died too late
From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliot's doom.
I saw his op'ning virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold
Too soon to fade! I bade the stone
Record his name 'mid hordes unknown
Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the Fates may give
(I hope they may) in wealth to live,
Flocks, herds, and fruitful fields;
The vacant hours with mirth to shine,
With these the Muse, already thine,
Her present bounties yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim,
To merit, not to seek for fame,
The good and just to please;
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love, Heav'n's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

His transcript of these lines in the presentation volume is followed by a copy, also in his handwriting, of what Hastings calls a "beautiful and harmonious poem," by Mrs. Burrell. That lady commences by saying:—

No wonder that the skilful pen
Of one amongst the best of men
His noble soul displays!
He in whose bosom Virtue dwells,
Can best describe the thoughts he feels,
When Virtue claims his praise.

Hastings, to thee applause is due,
Whose anxious care, whose utmost view,
Was still the public good.
Wealth, Power, and all their tempting train
Strove to engage thy mind in vain,
Thy mind with worth indued.

No thorns can from thy pillow spring,
Nor Conscience feel a poignant sting
From retrospective scenes.
Thy Mem'ry, when she backward treads,
From thy disinterested deeds
A secret pleasure gleans.

Thou ne'er hast with tyrannic hand
Spread desolation through the land,
Nor taught the poor to weep.
Thy breast no keen remorse can know,
Nor pangs that from dishonour flow,
Nor care that murders sleep.

To bless has been thy glorious aim,
The worthy, not the great, could claim
A patronage from thee.
No ostentatious love of pow'r
Has ever gain'd dominion o'er
A mind from error free.

Those who amass unbounded store
May in their prosp'rous state be poor
In virtue and in fame;
But thou, of higher wealth possest,
Hast brought this treasure from the East:
An uncorrupted name.

Hastings addressed an ode of eighteen stanzas to Mrs. Burrell, in reply to the foregoing, and prefaced his transcript by saying, that: "As there are some passages in this composition which may seem to allude to a series of events which were neither known nor suspected by the author at the time in which it was written, it may, therefore, be proper to premise that it was written and finished some time within the month of January, 1786. On the 17th of the following month the charge of impeachment against him was opened in the House of Commons." The first four stanzas are as follows:—

Sweet is the sound of praise; as sweet
As the seraphic airs that greet
The dying martyr's ear;
If seated in the conscious breast
Truth strike accordant, and attest
The worth applauded there.

Be praise to latest ages heard,
Be wealth and honors the reward
Of deeds of virtue done;
That feebler minds the blazon'd name
May see, and emulate its fame,
So profitably won.

For ruin shall that Land await,
Whose Genius, heedless of its fate,
Like Fortune on her throne,
Its trusted gifts at random throws,
Or partial to its trait'rous foes,
Is kind to them alone.

But not for interests like these
The moral man shall aim to please
The world's uncertain will;
And these denied, the spark divine,
That lights the frame within, shall shine
With equal lustre still.

The remainder of the poem is devoted to allusions to his trial, and to a forecast of the vindication of his conduct by posterity.

PORTRAIT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A., BETWEEN 1764 AND 1768; AND ENGRAVED BY T. WATSON, 1775.

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The *Barrington* arrived at St. Helena at 4 a.m. on the 15th April. A "deputation of compliments" went aboard. At 5 p.m. Hastings landed. He recorded the following in his diary:—"Received by ye Governor at ye landing-place. Supped with him. Put up at Mr. Greentree's. 16th: Dined with ye Governor. Vansittart came in with Colonel Muir, Popham, C. Greene, &c. 17th (Sunday): Rode before breakfast to Mr. Greentree's country house, and dined there. Passed ye morning in viewing ye island. At 3 p.m. set off to return by way of ye side path. 18th: Dined and supped at ye Governor's. 19th: At 9 rode with ye Governor to Longwood, and round by Mr. Bassett's to his house, dined there, and returned at 6½. Supped with him. 21st: At noon visited ye Governor, took leave of Mrs. C., and went to ye wharf, ye Governor, &c., accompanying. At 5, weighed. At 5½, sailed."

Hastings landed at Plymouth on the 13th of June, 1785, four months and a quarter after leaving India. The following notes in his diary describe how he posted to London, met his wife, and was received at Court and elsewhere:—

Monday, 13th June: At 9 a.m. left the *Barrington* with my fellow passengers, and landed at Plymouth at 10.30. Stayed and dined at Prince George's Hotel. Detained by the Customs House. At 4.20 left Plymouth, passed Ashburton, Ivybridge, Chudleigh, and slept at Exeter. A fine, beautiful, and highly cultivated country, but hilly. A cold wind from the sea.

Tuesday, 14th: Set off at 6, past Honiton (breakfast), Axminster, Bridport, Dorchester, Blandford, and Woodyeate's Inn. Arrived at 10.30. Shergold a good house. Slept there, very ill and headache.

Wednesday, 15th: At 5.30 proceeded. Baited at Salisbury, and dressed there. Andover, Overton, Basingstoke (dined), Cartford Bridge, Bagshot, and Staines. Arrived at 7, slept there; a most sultry day.

Thursday, 16th: At 5.30 proceeded. Baited at Hounslow, and at 8.45 arrived in London. Mrs. H. at Cheltenham. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Woodman. Visited Lord Thurlow and Lord Mansfield at Westminster Hall. Engaged to dine with Lord M. on Sunday. Left my name at Mr. Pitt's, Mr. Dundas's, Lord Sidney's, and Mr. Devayeux's. Wrote to the latter, as Chairman, to announce my arrival. Letter from Mrs. H.; wrote to her express.

Friday, 17th: Sent back her servant at 8 with a letter in which I said I would set out to meet her in the afternoon. Received a note from Mr. Pitt desiring to see me at 3. Visited Lord Lansdowne, and attended Mr. Pitt. At 6.45 set off to meet Mrs. H. Met at Maidenhead Bridge. Staid all night.

Saturday, 18th: Breakfasted. Visited Mrs. Johnstone (Mr. J. not at home) at Taplow. Returned with Mrs. H. to town. Engaged to call on Lord Sidney on Monday at 12, at the Secretary's Office, Whitehall, and to dine with Colonel Barré on Tuesday. Bills. Lord Thurlow's copy of my report.

Sunday, 19th: Dined at Canewood with the Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor, Mr. Markham, and Major Scott. Came away about 8 with Archbishop.

Monday, 20th: At 12 attended Lord Sydney. Appointed to attend at St. James' on Wednesday, at 1.

Tuesday, 21st: Left my name at Mr. Smith's. Visited Lady Blunt and the Archbishop of York. Early with Lord Thurlow by appointment. Dined at Colonel Barré's with Lord Lansdowne, Sir J. Grey, Sir — Jarvis, Sir Elijah Impey.

Wednesday, 22nd: At 1 went to Court. Introduced to King by Lords Sidney and Onslow. . . . Lord Dudley, Lord Grantham, Lord Clarendon, Lord Gower, Marquis Carmarthen, Duke of Chandos, &c. Left my name at Lord Stormont's; dined at home.

Thursday, 23rd: At 2 went with Mrs. H. to Court. Presented to the Queen, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and King. Afterwards visited Mrs. Schwellenberg. Dined with Archbishop of York.

Friday, 24th: Visited all the Directors. Saw Mr. Townson, Mr. Parry, Mr. Barens, and Sir Edward Hughes. Dined at home.

Saturday, 25th: Returned visits. Saw Lord Clarendon, Lord Dudley, and Lord Flood. Early at Lord Chancellor's. Dined at Sir Elijah Impey's, Parson's Green. Came away at 12.

Sunday, 26th: Not well. Mrs. H. headache. Breakfasted at 10. Visited my aunt at Kensington. Dined at home.

Monday, 27th: Mrs. H. still indisposed. Returned visits. Saw Lady Coote. Dined at home.

Tuesday, 28th: Breakfasted at Mr. Sullivan's. At 4.15 went by engagement to India House. Received in honour, and thanked by Court of Directors unanimously, and dined with them at the London Tavern. Visited Board of Control, invited; returned late much inflamed.

In a letter to a friend he alluded to his having been summoned to the India House to receive the thanks of the Directors of the East India Company for his services; and added that the Chairman, in reading the resolution of the Court, "dwelt with a strong emphasis on the word 'unanimously.'" He was also, he said, received by the King and Queen "most graciously"; and his reception by the Board of Control "was more than polite to me." Shortly afterwards he dined at Twickenham, where Miss Fanny Burney first met him. "I was extremely pleased," she wrote to her father, "with the extraordinary plainness and simplicity of his manners, and the obliging openness and intelligence of his communications. He talked of India, when the subject was led to, with the most unreserved readiness, yet was never the hero of his own tale, but simply the narrator of such anecdotes or descriptions as were called for, or as fell in naturally with other topics." After meeting him a second time, she recorded in her diary that "I am quite charmed" with him; "and, indeed, from all that I can gather, and all I can observe, he appears to me to be one of the greatest men now living as a public character; while as a private one, his gentleness, candour, soft manners, and openness of disposition make him one of the most pleasing."

Hastings paid an early visit to Tunbridge Wells, where the community regarded him "with an uncommon degree of attention and respect. . . . I find myself everywhere and universally treated with evidences that I possess the good opinion of my country." Later on he took a furnished house in St. James's Place, and then in Wimpole Street, London, whence he made excursions to Cheltenham, Bath, and elsewhere. On one occasion he went to Churchill and Daylesford, and wandered among the scenes familiar to him in his childhood. He endeavoured to induce Mr. Knight, the owner of the Daylesford estate (grandson of the purchaser in 1715), to part with it for a sum considerably in excess of its market value, but for some time in vain; and he then, as he said, "bought a very pleasant little estate of 91 acres in Old Windsor, called Beaumont Lodge, a *modus agri non ita magnus, hortus ubi*, &c., exactly answering Horace's wish." Miss Burney noted in her diary that she passed an agreeable evening at the Lodge, "with that very intelligent and very informing man," whose "lively and very pleasing wife contributed largely to the evening's well-doing."

But many years were to pass before Hastings was to find himself in a position to enjoy the thorough repose which was greatly to his taste. A week after he had landed at Plymouth Mr. Edmund Burke gave notice in the House of Commons, that he "would at a future day make a motion respecting the conduct of a gentleman just returned from India." This was the small beginning of a great storm; for, two years and a half afterwards, Hastings, having been impeached by the Commons, was placed on his trial in Westminster Hall, before the Lords, to answer "charges of high crimes and misdemeanours exhibited by the knights, citizens, and burgesses in Parliament assembled, in the name of themselves and of all the Commons." The trial commenced at eleven a.m. on the 13th February, 1778, and was attended by Queen Charlotte, who wore a dress of fawn-coloured satin, and a plain head-dress, "with a very slender sprinkling of diamonds." Her Majesty was accompanied by the Princesses Elizabeth, Augusta, and Mary, and the Duchess of Gloucester. The Prince of Wales, and the Royal Dukes of Cumberland, Gloucester, and York followed the Chancellor in the procession into the Hall. All the managers of the trial were in full dress, but the majority of the Commons wore their usual costume. The seats occupied by the Commons were covered with green cloth: the rest of the building was "one red." A body of Horse Guards, under the command of a field officer, attended daily; and three hundred Foot Guards, and a considerable number of constables kept the avenues clear. Two hundred members of each House of Parliament were present.

At noon the Sergeant-at-arms summoned "Warren Hastings, Esq., to come forth in Court, and save thee and thy bail, otherwise the recognisance of thee and thy bail will be forfeited." Thereupon Hastings appeared at the bar, and dropped upon his knees, but was at once requested by Lord Chancellor Thurlow to rise to his feet. He had complied with what he knew was required; but, in a letter to his former Private Secretary, Mr. Thompson, he said that the "ignominious ceremonial of kneeling before the House of Lords" was an "usage that reflects more dishonour on that assembly for permitting its continuance than on those who are compelled to submit to it, and on whom it is inflicted as a punishment not only before conviction, but even before the accusations against them are read." The Chancellor, on the motion of a Peer, allowed the prisoner to have a chair. The

accusations were then read, and Hastings replied: "My Lords, I am come to this high tribunal equally impressed with a confidence in my own integrity, and in the justice of the Court before which I stand."

As prosecutor-in-chief, Mr. Burke indulged, without let or hindrance, in excessive vituperation. He accused Hastings of "crimes which have their rise in the wicked dispositions of men—in avarice, rapacity, pride, cruelty, malignity of temper, haughtiness, insolence—in short, in everything that manifests a heart blackened to the very blackest—a heart dyed in blackness—a heart gangrened to the core. . . . We have brought before you the head, the chief, the captain-general of iniquity—one in whom all the fraud, all the tyranny of India are embodied, disciplined, and arrayed." He then proceeded to charge the prisoner "with having taken away the lands of orphans; with having alienated the fortunes of widows; with having wasted the country, and destroyed the inhabitants after cruelly harassing and distressing them. I charge him with having tortured their persons, and dishonoured their religion through his wicked agents, who were at the bottom and root of his villainy." He accused him of having "gorged his ravenous maw;" of never "dining without creating a famine;" of feeding on the "indigent, the decaying, and the ruined;" of resembling the "ravenous vulture who destroys and incapacitates nature in the destruction of its objects while devouring the carcases of the dead;" and of exhibiting a "cruelty beyond his corruption." He ridiculed him as a "swindling Mecœnas—swindling of glory, and obtaining honour under false pretences;" and declared that "his origin was low, obscure, and vulgar;" that he was "bred in vulgar and ignoble habits," yet was more proud than persons born under canopies of state, and swaddled in purple." He alluded to "the damned and damnable proceedings of a judge in Hell;" and asserted that "such a judge was Warren Hastings." He regarded him as a "spider of Hell," as well as a "thief, tyrant, robber, cheat, swindler, sharper;" and he expressed his regret that the English language did not afford terms that adequately described the enormity of his offences. Finally, "I impeach him,' said Burke, "in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

Mr. Sheridan was another of the managers of the trial who was at a loss for epithets to convey an idea of his detestation of the conduct of the prisoner at the bar. "The administration of Mr. Hastings," he said, "formed a medley of meanness and outrage, of duplicity and depredation, of prodigality and oppression, of the most callous cruelty contrasted with the hollow affectation of liberality and good faith." The two met, twenty-three years after the trial commenced, as the guests of the Prince Regent, in the Pavilion, at Brighton; and Sheridan, at the prompting of the Prince, advanced to Hastings, and said that:—"The part which I took in events long gone by must not be regarded as any test of my private opinions, because I was then a public pleader, whose duty it is, under all circumstances, to make good if he can the charges which he is commissioned to bring forward." But Hastings drew back a step; looked Sheridan in the face; made a low bow: and remained silent. "Had he," Hastings subsequently said, "confessed as much twenty years ago, he might have done me some service."

Hastings replied with dignity to the allegations of his accusers. He declared that he had had the satisfaction of seeing all his measures terminate in their designed objects; that his political conduct had been invariably regulated by truth, justice, and good faith; and that he had resigned his charge in a state of established peace and security, with all the sources of its abundance unimpaired, and even improved. "I am arraigned," he said, "for desolating the provinces in India which are the most flourishing of all the States in India. It was I who made them so. I gave you all; and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment." He solemnly avowed that he "did in no instance intentionally sacrifice the interest of my country to any private views of personal advantage;" and "that according to my best skill and judgment I invariably promoted the essential interest of my employers, the happiness and prosperity of the people committed to my charge, and the welfare and honour of my country." But though Hastings maintained a calm demeanour in Court, he was greatly pained by the calumnies with which he was loaded. "I am charged," he said, in a letter to John Shore, "with cruelty, oppression, violation of treaties, and with the general guilt of having sacrificed every duty to the views of interest, ambition, or private vengeance. I am not sure that rapacity makes a part of the catalogue of my imputed crimes, because the instances which have been advanced in evidence to prove it apply only to acts done for the relief of the public necessities; and it is scarcely (I believe not at all) insinuated that I have practised it for any profit of my own."

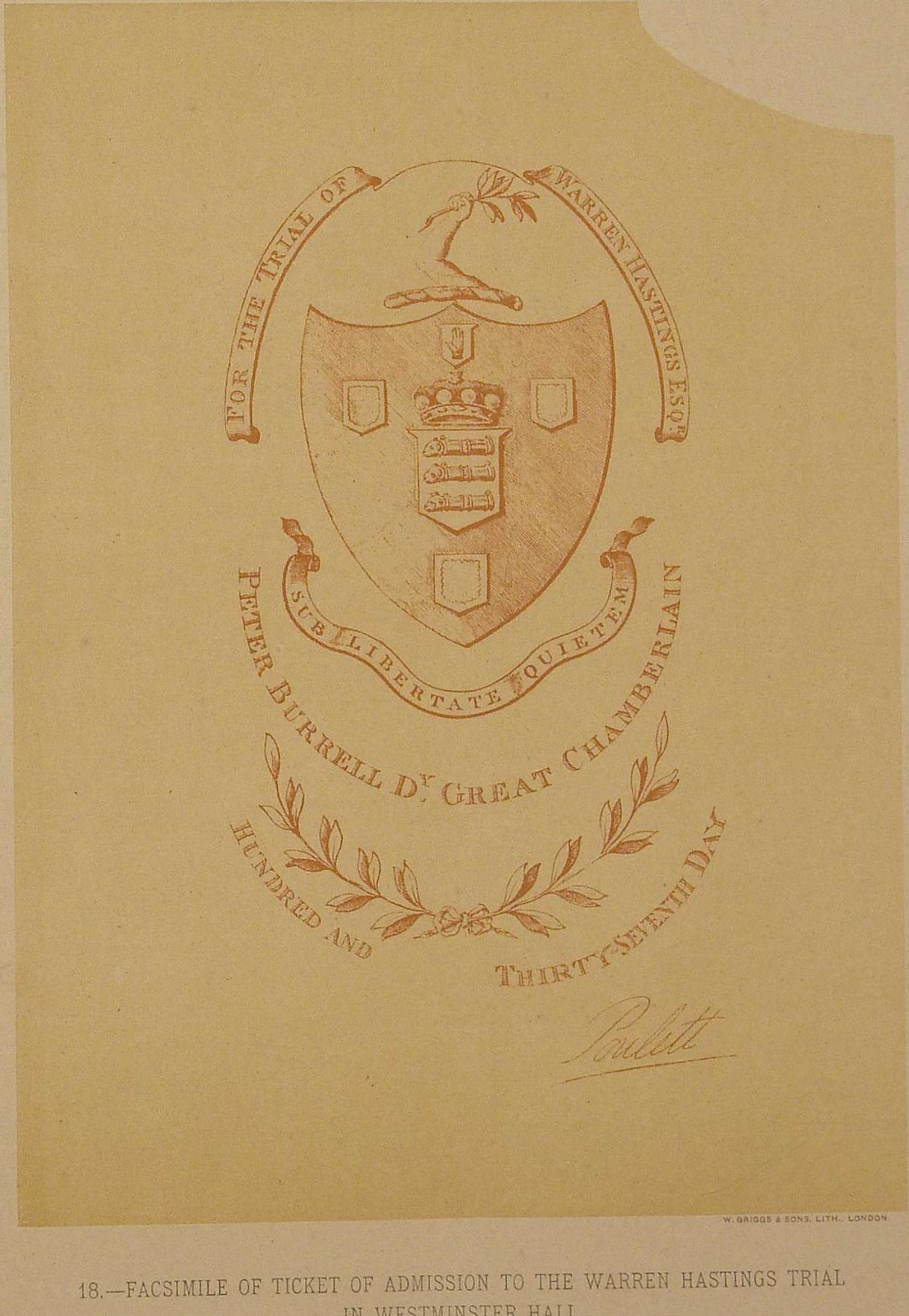
If it was hard for Hastings to listen to the opprobrious language employed by Burke, it was probably more difficult for him to hear without visible disgust the panegyrics which Mr. Grey, another manager, pronounced on his arch-enemy and former colleague, Philip Francis, who was gratifying his spleen by assisting the prosecution; and Miss De Burney states that on one occasion he relieved his feelings by writing these impromptu lines:—

It hurts me not that Grey as Burke's assessor
Proclaims me Tyrant, Robber, and Oppressor,
  Tho' for abuse alone meant;
For when he called himself the bosom friend,
The Friend of Philip Francis!—I contend
  He made me full atonement.

The poet Cowper, an old schoolfellow at Westminster of the prisoner at the bar, witnessed the trial, and urged his cousin, Lady Hesketh, to do so also, as it was "the trial of a man who has been greater and more feared than the Great Mogul himself." Lady Hesketh obtained a ticket of admission (similar, doubtless, to one which Miss Martin, of Droitwich, has very kindly lent me, and which Mr. Griggs has reproduced), went, and was much shocked by the severity of Burke's invective. In a letter to the poet, who had also been much scandalised by the virulence of the orator, she endeavoured to show that, from the days of Tully downwards, public prosecutors had been wont to adopt a violent attitude towards persons accused of offences against the State. "In order," she said, "to impress the minds of his hearers with a persuasion that he himself at least was convinced of the criminality of the prisoner, he must be vehement, energetic, rapid; must call him tyrant and traitor, and everything else that is odious; and all this to his face, because all this, bad as it is, is no more than he undertakes to prove in the sequel; and if he cannot prove it, he must himself appear in a light very little more desirable, and at the best to have trifled with the tribunal to which he has summoned him." Cowper thus expressed his opinion of the accused:—

Hastings! I knew thee young, and of a mind,
While young, humane, conversable, and kind;
Nor can I well believe thee—gentle *then*—
Now grown a villain, and the *worst* of men;
But rather some suspect, who have oppress'd
And worried thee, as not themselves the *best*.

Numerous portraits of Warren Hastings were taken, and, probably, the best of them, both as a likeness, and as a work of art, is a painting by J. L. Abbot, R.A., which is now in the possession of Miss Winter. It represents a very benevolent and tranquil face, with much earnestness of expression. Mr. Woodman-Hastings has favoured me with a copy of the following lines at the expense of the managers of the trial, which Hastings was prompted by Abbot's picture to write:—



W. GRIGGS & SONS, LITH., LONDON.

18.—FACSIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE WARREN HASTINGS TRIAL IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

A mouth extended fierce from ear to ear,
With fangs like those which wolves and tigers wear;
Eyes whose dark orbs announce a sullen mood,
A lust of rapine, and a thirst of blood—
Such Hastings was, as by the Commons painted
(Men shuddered as they look'd, and women fainted)
When they display'd him to the vacant Throne,
And bade the Peers the labour'd likeness own;
And such in all his attributes array'd
Behold him here on Abbot's canvas spread!
'Tis true, to vulgar sense they lie conceal'd,
To Burke, and men like Burke, alone reveal'd.
They, their own hearts consulting, see him here
In lines reflected from themselves appear;
With metaphysic eyes the picture scan
Pierce through the varnish, and detect the man.

To Burke it shows a soul with envy curst,
Malignant, mean, and cruel when he durst;
To Sheridan, a foe to shame, untrue
To every kindred tie, and social too;
To Fox, a shuffling knave, with false pretence;
Michael alone descried his want of sense;
And all in avarice agreed to find,
Or make, the ruling passion of his mind.
Yet he has friends! and they—nay, strange to tell,
His very wife, who ought to know him well,
Whose daily suff'rings from the worst of men
Should make her wish the wretch impeach'd again—
Believe him gentle, meek, and kind of heart.
O, Hastings, what a hypocrite thou art!

The witnesses for the defence were so systematically brow-beaten by the prosecution that the elder Mill was provoked into remarking that, in the courts of justice "the rule of humanity and decorum is most grossly and habitually violated by the advocate;" and he goes on to say that: "What excites the disgust and indignation of every honest spectator is the attempt so often made, and so often made successfully, to throw an honest witness into confusion and embarrassment, for the sake of destroying the weight of his testimony, and defeating the cause of truth—the torture unnecessarily and wantonly inflicted upon the feelings of an individual to show off a hireling lawyer, and prove to the attorneys his power of doing mischief."

In April, 1794, Burke reported the proceedings of the managers, and the progress of the trial, to the House of Commons; and, on the 20th June following, Pitt moved a vote of thanks to them "for their faithful discharge of the trust reposed in them." The motion having been carried by 50 votes to 21, the Speaker formally communicated the thanks of the House to the managers, and said that their exertions had "conferred honour, not on themselves only, but on the House whose credit was intimately connected with their own." But the managers, according to Mill, "brought a great deal of rhetoric, with papers and witnesses, to the trial, and seemed, unhappily, to think that rhetoric, papers, and witnesses were enough," for they brought "not much knowledge" and "not much dexterity," and "the intemperance of the tone and language of Mr. Burke operated strongly as a cause of odium." Dr. Horace Wilson, the Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, remarked in his edition of Mill, that "Burke's oratory was a tissue of falsehood," and "nothing had occurred to justify his exaggeration," to pardon his "unnatural appetite for disgusting details," or to excuse his "prejudiced disposition to listen alone to *ex parte* evidence, and an imprudent readiness to credit the exaggerated language of complaint." The investigation was not "instituted to ascertain truth, but to fix criminality upon Hastings." "Talents the most popular, and passions the most ungoverned, were let loose against him, and no reasonable man can believe that, if he had stood alone in his defence, his innocence would have shielded him from the combined assaults of Fox, Sheridan, and Burke."

Burke claimed to be a "sober and reflecting man," according to the powers that God had given him; but he lived long enough to know that public opinion, which had once been in his favour, had gradually turned, and pronounced him in the wrong. He survived the conclusion of the trial but little more than two years; and though he maintained to the last that he had acted rightly, he made a "dying request" to a friend, "to erect a cenotaph most grateful to my shade," by clearing "my memory from the load which the East India Company, the King, Lords, and Commons, and, in a manner, the whole British nation (God forgive them), had been pleased to lay as a monument upon my ashes." With ill-regulated zeal he devoted nearly ten years of his life to the effort to prove Hastings to be a miscreant, and he succeeded in gaining for the object of his ruthless condemnation public sympathy as a martyr. Had it not been for the impeachment, which made him first notorious, and then famous, Hastings might have sunk into the obscurity in his native land that is the frequent destiny of men who have occupied exalted office in India. It was Burke who raised a cenotaph to Warren Hastings which does not lose its interest for the contemplative observer as the years roll by.*

On the 3rd of April, 1795, nearly eight years after the proceedings commenced, and during which sixty of the two hundred peers who had walked in the procession on the first day, and many of the prosecutors in the House of Commons, had died, the Lords proceeded to judgment. Each Peer in his robes was called upon by Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who was opposed to the prisoner, to reply to this question:—"How says your Lordship? Is Warren Hastings, Esquire, guilty or not guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours, charged by the Commons in the first article of charge?" On this the Peer addressed, uncovered his head, and laying his hand upon his breast replied, "Not Guilty, upon my honour," or, "Guilty, upon my honour." The question was put sixteen times, corresponding with that number of charges. The first two charges alleged high crimes and misdemeanours in various political transactions; the next six charges alleged personal corruption; the ninth charge accused Hastings of granting an improper opium contract to Stephen Sullivan, a son of the Chairman of the Court of Directors. The tenth accused him of improperly borrowing money for the uses of Mr. Sullivan. The eleventh accused him of granting an improper contract for bullocks to Charles Crofts. The twelfth accused him of granting a similar contract to Sir Charles Blunt. The thirteenth accused him of making irregular and excessive allowances to Sir Eyre Coote. The fourteenth accused him of irregularly appointing James Auriol as agent for the purchase of supplies for Madras, &c., for 15 per cent. commission. The fifteenth accused him of irregularly appointing John Belli as agent for the purchase of stores and provisions for the Garrison of Fort William, with a commission of 30 per cent. And the sixteenth laid to his charge the residue of the impeachment of the Commons. He was acquitted by the whole of the Peers on the third charge, and was found guilty by the whole of the Peers on the tenth charge. As regards the other charges, he was in most instances acquitted by twenty-three, and condemned by three Peers. Hastings was now called for the last time to the bar of the Peers, was honourably acquitted, and solemnly discharged by the Chancellor. He made, I find, the following brief note of the event in his diary:—"April 23, Thursday. I attended at 12. Was called in about 12.45, and ordered to withdraw. The Lords gave the verdict. I was called in and informed by the Chancellor that I was acquitted by a great majority, and discharged about ten minutes before two. At four I called upon Lord Thurlow. The following were my guests:—General Calliaud, Sir F. Sykes, Sir E. Impey, Mr. Sumner, Mr. J. Sullivan, Colonel Poona, Mr. D. Anderson,

* On the 25th February, 1892, *The Times* reviewed Sir John Strachey's recent monograph, "Hastings and the Rohilla War" (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press). It remarked:—"The average Englishman's knowledge of Indian history is for the most part derived from a single source—Macaulay's two celebrated Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings. . . . . Unfortunately, Macaulay, though his knowledge of some Indian topics was direct and profound, relied mainly for his historical facts on Mill's History of British India, a work which, as Sir Henry Maine said of English classical literature towards the end of last century, 'is saturated with party politics.' Of James Mill, Sir James Stephen has written that 'his want of accuracy was nothing to his bad faith.' Such was one of Macaulay's authorities; another source of his inspiration was the glowing eloquence of Burke, whose 'sleepless humanity,' as Lord Rosebery finely calls it, was not controlled by a too scrupulous accuracy, nor inconsistent with the rancour and scurrility of a fish-wife. From these sophisticated palèttes Macaulay borrowed the colours with which he drew his well-known picture of Warren Hastings. Sir James Stephen has shown, in his masterly work on 'The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Warren Hastings,' how false was the colour and how distorted the perspective of one portion of Macaulay's picture. . . . Sir John Strachey has now done signal service to the memory of a great Englishman and to the intelligent and dispassionate study of Indian history by setting forth in detail the grounds of the conclusions here stated, and examining the whole question afresh. No one at all qualified to judge will question Sir John Strachey's competency for the task he has undertaken, nor the skill with which he has discharged it. . . To say that he has vindicated Warren Hastings against the invectives of Burke and the other managers of the famous Impeachment, against the calumnies and inaccuracies of Mill, against the involuntary misrepresentations of Macaulay, is to say little. He has re-written an important chapter of Indian history, and exemplified the true spirit in which that history should be written. But it is all in vain, we fear. History has little chance against rhetoric, and Indian history has never been made interesting to English readers except by rhetoric. In spite of all that Sir James Stephen did some years ago, and all that Sir John Strachey has done now, Macaulay will still hold the field, and his picture of Warren Hastings will still be accepted as authentic by that body of readers who care less for truth than for effect."

Mr. Baber, Mr. Auriol, Mr. Gall, Mr. Thompson, Charles, Major Scott, Major Osborne, Sir J. D'Oyley, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Plumer, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Shawe, T..Woodman, Colonel Hastings, Mr. Payne—in all 22."

Hastings received from all sides hearty congratulations on his acquittal, and not the least interesting of these testimonies of goodwill is the following address from Officers of the Bengal Army, which is preserved by Miss Winter:—

SIR,—The Officers of the Bengal Army, bearing in their remembrance the wisdom, moderation, and justice of your administration in India, feel a very heartfelt satisfaction in congratulating you on your late honourable acquittal by the Peers of Great Britain from charges brought against you by the House of Commons, and supported by men of the first abilities in the nation. The energy and severity with which you have been for so many years prosecuted, the magnaminity and fortitude you have shown during your trial, and in declining to solicit support, even when all the power and abilities of your native country seemed combined against you, place you in a point of view the most envied, the most honourable; for your enemies have raised a monument to your fame, in which the justice of our country hath recorded the integrity of your mind, and the propriety and necessity of your public conduct. May the gratitude of the community you have so long, so ably, and so faithfully served be as conspicuous as your merits and disinterestedness have been publicly evinced. May your Sovereign, by conferring honours upon you, prove the value he has for such a subject, and by doing so increase the approbation and attachment of a free and a generous people. With us and with the natives of this country, your name must ever be revered, and, with Clive's, be handed down with honour, respect, and admiration to the latest posterity.

1st October, 1795.

We have, &c.

Hastings was now in his sixty-third year, and was almost ruined. His defence had cost him, or rendered him liable for £100,000, and his own means were exhausted, and his wife's accumulations out of her marriage settlement had been greatly reduced by the failure of a Dutch firm. But he was not broken in spirit as well as in fortune. The prosecution had failed; and he considered that he could reasonably claim indemnification from the nation for the expense to which he had been put in the vindication of his character as a public servant, since he had been assailed by the elected representatives of the public in Parliament at the expense of the State. He thereupon memorialised the House of Commons, submitted that he was entitled to compensation, and prayed for a grant for that purpose. He forwarded the petition through a friend to Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister, who, after a few days, returned it with a short note stating that, "under all the circumstances, he did not conceive that he should be justified in submitting the petition of the late Governor-General of India to the consideration of the Sovereign." In effect, therefore, Pitt refused to accept the arbitrament of the tribunal which he had been instrumental in creating. It had been owing to the unexpected support which he, the all-powerful Prime Minister of twenty-eight years of age, had given to the manœuvres of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, that the Opposition succeeded in bringing about the impeachment, and it was repugnant to him to do anything tantamount to the reversal of his own vote. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he had had no hesitation in debiting the country with the enormous cost of the prosecution; but he sternly refused to bestir himself to obtain for Hastings compensation for the ruinous sacrifices that he had incurred in his defence. What King George the Third called Pitt's "long obstinate upper lip" was never more stiff than when the name of Hastings was mentioned in his hearing. His pride forbade him to forgive the defeat that Hastings had inflicted upon him; and though Hastings had been honourably acquitted, Pitt was willing to mulct him in the whole of his fortune, and to leave him, notwithstanding his eminent services, to starve. There was a littleness in this, to say the least of it, that was unworthy of so great a man.

There was a special reason why Pitt might have been to Hastings's alleged faults a little blind, and to his actual merits a little kind; for Hastings had been accused and acquitted of faults of which a Pitt was accused and condemned The second Pitt was the younger son and intellectual heir of the great statesman who made the family name revered throughout Europe; but that statesman was indebted for his good start in public life to the social and Parliamentary influence which was acquired for the family by his grandfather, Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras from 1698 to 1709, who was dismissed the Company's service in the latter year, at a moment's notice, for irregular practices. Thomas Pitt returned forthwith to England with his ill-gotten wealth, including a diamond, still named after himself, which he eventually sold for three millions of livres to the Regent Orleans for addition to the Crown Jewels of France. He was not impeached, nor in any way molested; and having bought houses, lands, and rotten boroughs, he entered Parliament as member for Old Sarum (as his son and grandson did in succession after him), lived long, and died in the odour of opulence.

Hastings appealed to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and, being requested to state the amount of his property, he explained his financial position, and then said: "I possess the estate of Daylesford in Worcestershire, which cost me, including the original purchase, and what I have expended upon the house, gardens, and lands, about £60,000. The estate is 650 acres, and may be valued at £500 clear yearly rent. . . . In 1789 I purchased the principal part of the estate, and about two years since the remainder; it was the spot in which I had passed much of my infancy, and I feel for it an affection of which an alien could not be susceptible, because I see in it attractions which that stage of my life imprinted on my mind, and my memory still retains. It had been the property of my family during many centuries, and had not been more than seventy-five years out of their possession." The Court of Directors recognised that he had great claims upon them, and on the 2nd March, 1796, they granted him an annuity of £4,000 for twenty-eight and a half years, to commence retrospectively from June, 1785, and they also lent him £50,000 for eighteen years without interest. When £16,000 of this loan had been repaid by Hastings the balance due was remitted, and in 1814 the annuity was continued for the remainder of his life.

Hastings needed no title to enhance his fame; but he was not insensible to the social advantage in England of being a member of the peerage, and he considered that he had a special claim on the consideration of his Sovereign who had ennobled Clive. But he aimed at something higher than a Barony in the peerage of Ireland. The Governorship of Madras was held in 1784 by Macartney, a quondam travelling companion of Charles James Fox, who, having assisted him in gaining the distinction first of knighthood, and then of the Irish peerage, was instrumental in obtaining his appointment to Madras. Hastings did not appreciate this gentleman (who subsequently co-operated with Francis, Clavering, and Monson in aiding the prosecution, and who unsuccessfully aspired to the Governor-Generalship); and in a letter to his wife Hastings said, that if any title were offered that would "place me on a level with his Lordship of Madras, even your influence, my Marian, shall not prevail upon me" to accept it.

Lord Thurlow said to Major Scott, shortly before Hastings left Calcutta, that "it would be base and dishonourable in Ministers not to advise his Majesty to confer some mark of Royal favour" upon so eminent a man; and he expressed the hope that Hastings would receive an English peerage and the ribbon of the Bath; but Mr. Pitt, though he assured the Major that he regarded Hastings as "a very great, and, indeed, a wonderful man," did not see how he could with propriety advise his Majesty to confer a peerage pending the refutation of the allegations that had been made against him in Parliament. Those allegations were refuted; and Hastings then expected that he would receive the distinction which had been so long withheld; and it was said that he determined to select Daylesford as his title, and to continue to use "*Mens æqua in arduis*" as his motto. The Prince of Wales professed to be desirous to serve Hastings; but years passed, and he did nothing; so at length, in March, 1806, Hastings waited upon his Royal Highness at Carlton House, London; claimed reparation for the injuries inflicted upon him by his impeachment; and reminded the Prince of the expectations which he had excited "in the breast of the only person in the world whose wishes I have ever preferred to my own. Though the best, the most amiable of women"—the Prince said, courteously, "She is so"—"she is still a woman, and would prefer her participation in a title to any benefit that could be bestowed upon me." The Prince cordially assented; and urged Hastings to see some of the Ministers. But they declined to advise an exercise of Sovereign prerogative in his favour that might imply a condemnation of the former behaviour of some of their number, or of some of their friends, whereupon Hastings begged one of them to let the affair go no farther. "I am content," he

19.—DAYLESFORD HOUSE, WORCESTERSHIRE.

W. GRIGGS & SONS, COLLOTYPERS, LONDON.

declared, "to go down to the grave with the plain name of Warren Hastings, and should be made miserable by a title obtained by such means, and should sink in my own estimation," by "accepting a favour from men who have done me great personal wrong."

But public opinion, which had once regarded Hastings as a misdemeanant whom it would have been base flattery to call a statesman, underwent a reaction in his favour; and, in 1813, when he was examined as a witness in connection with the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company, he was received with acclamation by the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and when he retired, the Members rose and uncovered. He made these entries with reference to these incidents in his diary:—

"*March 30th*: I attend House of Commons at 4. Was called in about 6, and underwent an examination of 3½ hours. All the members on my dismission with heads uncovered."

"*April 5*: I attend the Committee of the Lords. Was examined. Was allowed a chair. Not usual. On my departure the Lords all rose, as the Commons had done, with their hats off. The Duke of Gloucester called at ¼ past 11. Took me with him. Sat with me in the usher's room. Conducted me into Committee room, and left it with me, walking with me to his carriage, ordered it to re-convey me, which it did, to my door. He afterwards called to report my reception, and his own approbation of my evidence."

Shortly afterwards the University of Oxford conferred upon him its degree of Doctor of Laws; and he was appointed a member of the Privy Council, while the Prince Regent declared in public that far higher honours were due, and would soon be paid to the man who had saved the British dominions in India. The Prince presented him to the Allied Sovereigns assembled in London, "as the most deserving, and at the same time one of the worst used men in the Empire. "I have made a beginning," the Prince continued, and shall certainly not stop here. He has been created a Privy Councillor, which he is to regard as nothing more than an earnest of the esteem in which I hold him; he shall yet be honoured as he deserves." But nothing further was done, and, a few days before his death, Hastings said:—"I wish the Prince, for his own sake, had abstained from making that display of his good intentions; I was a Privy Councillor at the moment; it was not worth while to speak of more, when more, as the event has shown, was not intended."

The purchase of Daylesford had entailed a longer negotiation than would, Hastings said, have served for the acquisition of a province. His importunity prevailed three years after his return to England, and Mr. Knight accepted £11,424 and an annuity of £100 a-year for himself and his wife for the estate. Hastings then pulled down the dilapidated mansion, and erected the present edifice on its site; and he spared no expense in laying out the grounds. Thus it was that the estate represented in the end an investment of as much as £60,000. "From first to last," says Mr. Gleig, "it was a conspicuous trait in Hastings's character that he never put the smallest value upon money." Even the drain of the protracted trial on his resources did not hinder him from continuing his lavish expenditure on the beautification of his property. It was a passion with him to build and to plant, and had it not been for the liberality of the Court of Directors, that passion would have led him into the Bankruptcy Court. The fact that the estate realised, about seventy years after he acquired it, only half the sum that he spent upon it, notwithstanding the rise in the value of landed property in the interval, shows that he expended too much on the gratification of the dream of his life.

The house is built of the pale grey stone of the neighbourhood, on an eminence, in an undulating and well wooded park of about 600 acres, which is entered by three lodges. The style of architecture is severely simple, but it is favourable to internal comfort. At the chief entrance is a portico that leads to a large hall with a tesselated pavement, whence access is obtained to a library of considerable size, fitted with carved marble mantelpiece, decorated cornice, &c., and to a dining room, 37 feet by 21, with a bay window opening on to a lawn, and fitted with a massive marble mantelpiece, gilded cornice, &c. By a corridor, or picture gallery, 50 feet long, with polished oak floor, the reception rooms are approached. These rooms, which have a southerly aspect, include a drawing room, 40 feet by 25, well decorated, with windows opening on a stone balcony overlooking the garden, lake, and park; a smaller drawing room, 26 feet by 22, with a particularly handsome marble mantelpiece, showing Mahomedan female figures in a zenana, and a ceiling painted with emblematical subjects; a morning room, also 26 feet by 22, opening on to the terrace; a circular vestibule, with a roof supported by Ionic columns; a billiard room, 26 feet by 22, and a smoking room nearly as large. The next floor is reached by a fine oak staircase, and a wide corridor. Here are five large bed rooms, of which four were decorated in Hastings's time in white, buff, pink, and green respectively. There is also a circular boudoir, decorated in white and gold, like the chief bed room, with a lofty dome roof, supported by Ionic columns, and three windows commanding beautiful views over hill and dale. A stone staircase leads to the upper floor, on which are five rooms for bachelors, and six for servants. The offices on the ground floor include a large kitchen, a scullery, a pantry, a plate closet, a butler's room, a housekeeper's room, a still room, a store room, a servants' hall, and five other rooms for servants; wine and beer cellars; and an enclosed court surrounded by a dairy, a bake-house, a game larder, a fuel house, a carpenter's shop, a laundry, a drying closet, and five bed rooms for men servants, surmounted by a clock tower. The stabling includes a large enclosed courtyard with six carriage houses, a 6-stall stable, a 4-stall stable, a 3-stall stable, twelve loose boxes for hunters, two harness rooms, and rooms above for coachmen and grooms. The highly cultivated kitchen garden is surrounded by a wall covered with fruit trees, and contains houses for growing grapes, pines, melons, peaches, cucumbers, and mushrooms. There is also an outer garden. The pleasure grounds were laid out by a notable landscape gardener, and are very beautiful, with their extensive lawns of velvet-like grass, their beds of flowers, and their clumps of fine trees. The plantations are exceedingly attractive. They contain a great variety of indigenous trees, including some grand elms and beeches, and many exotic trees that Warren Hastings introduced and acclimatised. There are also several charming lakes, that are believed to be full of fish, and alongside one of these is a romantic footpath that leads to the village. By the carriage road the house is nearly a mile from the lodge close to the village. At the two farms on the estate Hastings endeavoured to cross English sheep and goats with breeds from India.

The retired Governor-General was at no loss for congenial occupation at Daylesford. He was exceedingly hospitable and neighbourly, and he was always solicitous for the poor and distressed. He was habitually cheerful himself, and he was the cause of cheerfulness in all around him. He was a lively and well-informed conversationalist with all ranks and all ages. His ample library, his taste for Oriental literature, and his love of poetry, served to shield him from *ennui* during inclement weather. He was by instinct a horticulturalist and an acclimatisor; and his flower, fruit, and vegetable gardens, his stables, his flocks, his herds, his menagerie, his farm, and his fish ponds afforded his enquiring and intelligent mind constant delight. He loved trees, and, on the 30th November, 1810, when he was in his seventy-eighth year, he wrote an elegy on some beeches in his park, which had been blown down by a storm. Having described the tempest and its effects, he says in the poem which is in his handwriting before me:—

Pride of my lands! long shall remembrance dwell
On your lost worth. Pride of my lands, farewell!
I lov'd to see your stately columns rise,
And lift your plumy tenants to the skies;
To hear the blackbirds' short but mellow lay,
And the sweet thrush that hymns the closing day:
And all the happy warblers of the grove
Join in one chorus of accordant love.

Pleas'd I beheld my flock at noontide laid,
Beneath your cool and hospitable shade;
Nor less the opposing screen, that shew'd, withdrawn,
The bursting prospect of the varied lawn.
The joy I daily felt, by habit prov'd
A purer int'rest, and its source I lov'd;
And you, perhaps, as love the growth it made
Of love, the gen'rous sentiment repaid.

He then touches upon the uses to which the wood of these lamented trees would be applied, in the making of fences, frames, beds, and cabinets; and concludes with reflections on the political storm that was (under Napoleon) threatening England when he wrote.

Furniture, like apparel, "oft proclaims the man." This must have been peculiarly the case in the days antecedent to those in which upholsterers are prepared at short notice to supply the want of good taste in a customer. Hastings was remarkably attached to his home; and its surroundings and embellishments testified to his innate love of the beautiful in Nature and Art. The cruel ordeal through which he passed at Westminster Hall did not, as it might well have done, render all things associated with India distasteful to him. He was proudly conscious that he had deserved well of his country, however ill the representatives of that country had acknowledged his services; and, having fought a good fight against great odds and great prejudice, it was an abiding source of gratification to him to recall the incidents of the best years of his life, which he had given, in the society of his wife, to India. Consequently, his "halls, so large, were hung around" not with trophies of the chase, for he was no sportsman (though Francis, as has been shewn, realised to his cost that he could shoot straight), but with paintings, drawings, and illuminated parchments that recalled to his mind scenes and studies of the far East, and suggested topics of conversation with the guests whom he loved to have around his table. He never forgot that he had filled an eminent office under the Company and Crown; and he regarded it as to some extent incumbent upon him to adopt a style of living in keeping with the position which had once been his.

It was in his drawing-room that this feeling was most manifest to visitors. I have ascertained from the auctioneer's catalogue of his effects, lent to me by Mr. Woodman-Hastings, that the four long windows of this apartment were hung with pale blue satin curtains, with deep white satin borders, painted in flowers, and ornamented with silver lace and spangles. The furniture was for the most part made of ivory. There were two sofas of solid ivory, of Oriental design, superbly carved and richly gilded, the elbows finished with tigers' heads, and the back and seat covered *en suite* with the curtains. There were nine solid ivory elbow chairs, corresponding in style and finish with the sofas; and a solid ivory table, beautifully carved and gilded, fitted with drawers with silver locks and handles, and covered with fine green cloth, edged with silver lace. There were also two solid ivory ottomans, gilt, and covered *en suite* with the sofas; and a pair of carved ivory Oriental official staffs, ornamented with silver-gilt bands and wires, and mounted in ebonised and gilt frames and silk mounts, to form fire-screens. There were two Oriental fly-flaps, the handles carved out of the finest jade stone, mounted and inlaid with gold, and set with rubies and emeralds. A superb suite of Persian chain mail, all inlaid with gold, was arranged near a variety of Oriental weapons; specimens of old Derby, old Dresden, and Sèvres china were shown on side tables, and in ornamental cabinets; together with alabaster vases, ivory caskets, and specimens of Indian silver filigree work resembling the finest lace, and exceeding in beauty of workmanship (if I may judge by the articles now treasured by Miss Winter) anything that I have seen in India. There were also eight ebonised and gilt chairs, covered with blue silk, and banded with spangles; a Brussels carpet fitted to the room; and other accessories.

The other rooms were furnished in a comfortable manner, but without anything very distinctive about them, except the pictures on the walls; but, in the boudoir of Mrs. Hastings there were, among other things, six solid ivory chairs, delicately painted and gilt; and a richly gilt square foot ottoman, covered in crimson velvet, embroidered in silver-gilt lace. Hastings was very partial to furniture made of ivory. It has been said that in one of his earliest letters to his wife, after her departure from India, he alluded to his own "ivory cot." In one dated Calcutta, 14th November, 1784, he stated that "he had hastened his return from Benares, *via* Buxar, Patna, and Bugulpoor." "The Begum," he continued, "sent me more than one message expressive of her disappointment at my passing the city, as she had prepared an elegant display of your couches and chairs for my entertainment. These are since arrived, with a letter for you, recommended most earnestly to my care. There are two couches, eight chairs, and two footstools, all of the former patterns, except two of the chairs, which are of buffalo horn, most delicately formed, and more to my taste than the others, not designed for fat folks or romps." Then, in one of his first letters from London to Mr. Thompson, he said:—"Remember, too, to inquire for, and to secure my ivory cot. Mrs. Hastings desires me to inform you that the Begum's ivory chairs are of very great value, not of little, as you seem to estimate them. She requests that you will present her respects to the Begum (and mine, pray), and desire that she will not order any velvet, or other worked seat to the chairs, as they will make the whole seizable by the Custom House officers; she also begs that they may be sent by a ship that will swim." Two ivory chairs, quaintly carved and gilded, each with five legs, were presented by Hastings to Queen Charlotte, and were subsequently acquired by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos for Stowe, where they were sold at the famous auction in August, 1848. Some of the other articles of solid ivory that once occupied places of honour at Daylesford, have, I am informed, found their way back to India, and now adorn the palace of the Maharajah of Dharbunga.

Hastings made a small collection of paintings by such old masters as Teniers, Matsys, Ruysdael, Corregio, Rembrandt, &c.; but he was probably more proud of his numerous specimens of the skill of Hodges and Zoffani, which he had cordially encouraged when those two artists visited him at Government House, Calcutta. Several of Hodges' Indian landscapes are still preserved at Daylesford; and among them the most notable are views of Calcutta from Fort William; of Alipore, near Calcutta; of Benares; of the Taj Mahal, at Agra; of Gazapoor on the Ganges; of Cuttera; of Shekoabad; of the Himalayas, &c. A picture by this Royal Academician, representing a boat in a squall on the Ganges, which illustrates an incident in Mrs. Hastings's life, when she was hastening to Calcutta to attend her husband in an illness, was removed from Daylesford after Sir Charles Imhoff's death, and is now owned by Miss Winter; as also is a life-size portrait of Mrs. Hastings, that was taken in Calcutta by Zoffani. In a letter dated London, 29th March, 1787, Hastings complained to his friend, Mr. Thompson, in Calcutta, that:—"Not one of my pictures has been sent after me, none of my Tibbet pictures, not one but Mrs. Hastings's, of Zoffani's, and that packed so negligently that it arrived almost spoiled." Mrs. Hastings did not think that this portrait did her justice, and she caused it to be hung in a remote part of Daylesford House. The figure is exceedingly well painted; but is more suggestive of a Siddons in a *rôle* in a tragedy, than of the lady whose beauty and amiability fascinated the "great Proconsul" for nearly half a century.

Hastings was rich in prints, miniatures, enamels, &c., and his collection of Persian drawings was especially remarkable. His library was extensive, and included numerous folio and quarto volumes of high repute, as well as octavo and smaller books, periodical publications, magazines, reviews, Parliamentary blue-books, plays, romances (bound and unbound), atlases, and music. Many of the books were presentation copies; others contained his autograph; and the majority were handsomely bound in old calf, or morocco. Numerous works bearing on India and the East were interspersed with rare editions of the ancient classics, narratives of voyages, antiquarian researches, treatises on natural history, biographies, sermons, histories, geographies, poems, essays, debates, tracts, pamphlets, operas, sonatas, and glees. There were two copies of a book containing a summary of the debates in the House of Lords on the evidence in the trial of Hastings, with a proof portrait of Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor. This work was privately printed in 1797, at the expense, and under the superintendence of Hastings, to "vindicate," according to the preface, "his character from the malicious, vindictive, and foul aspersions so unjustly cast upon it by his enemies; also to convince such as have not sufficient time to wade through all the details of a trial which lasted twenty years, of his innocence." He presented it to a few private friends. There were several other reports and memorials of his trial among his books.

The vigour of his intellect remained unimpaired until the close of his life; and, notwithstanding the charms of Daylesford, he would have been glad of official employment suited to his experience, had it been offered to him; but he was conscious that he lacked the interest to overcome the prejudice excited by his trial. Writing from Daylesford in March, 1800, to Mr. Thompson, he remarked:—"To have governed the first and only valuable portion of the British Empire in India thirteen years; to have received at my departure and since the fullest assurance of my carrying with me the regrets and affection of my fellow-servants

Daylesford house 13th Febr 181[illegible]

My dear nephew

It has so happened, that in whatever part of the world my surname has been known, my Christian name has been conjoined with it. The difference is trifling; but if it should be a question I think that this circumstance is of itself sufficient to give the conjoint appellative a preference to either of the single names for a Christian name for your child, if he proves a son, and the rather, as Mrs Hastings, who on my appeal to her immediately and decidedly pronounced, that it should be Warren Hastings. My dear Mrs Hastings is pretty well, and gone to church; which is not a proof of her health, as my absence is no evidence of the want of it. Her brothers death had the effect of sinking her spirits more than I expected from her long separation from him

To
The Revd J. B. Woodman
Brackley
Northamptonshire

fresh

by London.

CHIPPING NORTON

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him, and the little chance of her ever seeing him again, if his life had been extended.

I pray God to bless her, her Marian, and her hoped offspring.

Adieu, my dear Thomas.

Give my love to your father.

Your affectionate

Warren Hastings.

The horse is unsafe, and besides shying from every discriminable object on the road, and kicks furiously without any apparent cause.

My beloved Louise

I cannot let this letter of my valuable & dear Husband go without telling you, that I love you, that I grieve with you; and that I wish to see you. God will grant this prayer of mine — the object has nothing selfish in it. — I have not been well since I have been informed of the Death of your Dear Father, & my poor Brother. Adieu — give affectionate regards to your Dear Companion & kiss our little Darling for me. Ever your faithful Aunt

M. A. H.

21.—DAYLESFORD CHURCH, FROM THE RECTORY GARDEN.

W. GRIGGS & SONS, COLLOTYPERS, LONDON.

and countrymen there; and to find myself without interest with those whom I had successfully served, might have been a subject of mortifying reflection to a mind even less susceptible than my own;" but "it has had less influence on mine by my incessant care to preclude, or run away from it." Eight years later, in a letter to the same friend, he said:—"There is certainly some mysterious spell put upon me, for I cannot otherwise account for the utter neglect of me even by those who proclaim their belief of my past services, and subsequent retention of what talents I formerly possessed."

On the 12th January, 1814, Hastings went to Oxford with his old schoolfellow, and lifelong friend, Sir Elijah Impey; and they attended the Chancellor's (Lord Grenville's) levée on the following day. On the 14th, Hastings took part in a procession of the Mayor, Aldermen, and gownsmen, that met the Prince Regent, and conducted him to the Divinity School, where the Chancellor read an address of welcome from the University, and the Prince read his reply. "I dined," noted Hastings in his diary, "by invitation ratified by H.R.H., in Radcliffe Library; present, all the Royal guests, the Duke of Oldenburg, &c." On the following day:—"I went to ye Divinity School, where the Prince, the Duke of Oldenburg, &c., assembled. All proceeded to the theatre. I was assisted through the throng to the lowest bench, where a gentleman insisted on resigning his place to me. The Prince Regent came in a Doctor's robe. The Emperor and King were elected by diploma, and robed. On departing I was greeted by ye townsmen. The Dean of Christ Church invited me to the dinner in Christ Church hall, to which I afterwards received a card of invitation—'by the gracious permission of H.R.H. the Prince Regent'—as yesterday." On the 18th he went by invitation to the grand dinner at the Guildhall, in London. He joined the procession at St. James's, at four, and reached the hall about six. He records the following in his diary:—"The Prince Regent himself presented me to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia in terms of most flattering commendation, and as the most injured man, &c. He had made me some compensation, but not enough. This was pronounced aloud to the Emperor in English, to the King in French, and short. He afterwards presented me to the Duke of Oldenburg, who recognised me. I met with great attentions, and from many who were unknown to me. The whole scene was magnificent."

A month afterwards Hastings wrote to his nephew, the Revd. T. B. Woodman, Rector of Daylesford and Vicar of Brackley, regarding the expected confinement of Mrs. Woodman. He suggested that his nephew should give the "conjoint appellative," Warren Hastings, to the child if it should be a boy; and Mrs. Hastings added a few affectionate words to her niece. But the child proved to be a girl, and Hastings's wish was not fulfilled until three years afterwards, when a son was born to the Woodmans. It is to this son to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce the characteristic letters of his grand-uncle and grand-aunt. Allusion is made in the letters to the death of Mrs. Woodman's father. This gentleman, Baron Chapuset of Stuttgart, Head Forest Master to the King of Wurtemberg, was the last of Mrs. Hastings's three brothers. One of the brothers, died in India; and the other succumbed to wounds received at Forarlberg, during the Napoleonic wars.

It has been stated that upwards of a thousand years ago the dale's ford, or Daylesford, was given by Ethelwald, King of the Mercians, to Begia, "a servant of God," for the endowment of a monastery. This retreat for those who were weary of such pomps and vanities of this wicked world as were to be had in those simple days, was built near the ancient village of Adlestrop, and a small church occupied the most honoured part of the establishment. Little is known of the monks who lived in this remote locality. Doubtless, they performed certain ceremonies; had their relaxations; and did what they could to ameliorate the hard conditions of the lives of the peasants around them. Their bell tolled the knell of many a parting day, and the carrying of many a rude forefather of the hamlet to his long home near the church. It also tolled for themselves on their departure from this transitory life. Decades accumulated into centuries, and the monastery fell on the evil days of disestablishment. Then, in all probability, the villagers helped themselves to such building materials as it offered to the first comer. But the church occupied ground consecrated to holy uses; and the villagers stayed their hands when they approached it on predatory thoughts intent. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that a good deal of the material employed in the erection of the first Daylesford Manor House was pilfered from the monastery in the high-handed manner that was stimulated by Bluff King Hal, and it is said also that a curse permanently rested on the house on that account. But the little church escaped the effacement that overtook the buildings around and about it. The Saxons were followed by the Danes, who, in their turn, were supplanted by the Normans. The Royal Houses of Plantagenet, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanover, succeeded severally to the throne, and the little church continued to weather all dynastic and meteorological storms. Divine service was performed with little hindrance from generation to generation. Many of the quaintly expressed prayers that still form part of the liturgy of the Church of England were composed, and were in use in parish churches throughout the land before the Norman Conquest. They must, therefore, have been read a countless number of times in this little church, first by Roman Catholic, and then by Protestant ministers; and the beauty of their imagery, the poetry of their language, and their adaptability to the spiritual needs of all classes and ages, at all times, and in all places, may have often afforded comfort to, and strengthened hope in those good folk at Daylesford who reverently responded to them in days long gone by.

As a child, Warren Hastings may have been frequently driven over from Churchill to Daylesford on Sundays to attend service in his grandfather's little church; but, from the year 1740, when he was taken to London, until 1764, when he returned for the first time from India, he did not see Daylesford again. Most probably he visited the place during the four years that he then remained in England. He returned home "for good and all" in 1785, and became lord of the Manor, and patron of the living, in 1788. Twenty-eight years more passed, and then, at the age of rather more than eighty-three, he resolved to pull down the old church, which was in decay, and to re-erect it, as far as possible, with the same materials, supplemented by such new woodwork and masonry as might be needed. He informed the Revd. J. Owen, the Rector of Daylesford, of his intention, and the latter agreed to perform the Sunday services in the church of Oddington until the reconstruction was completed. The following entries in Hastings's diary show how the work proceeded, and the methodical interest that he took in it:—

DAYLESFORD CHURCH, AS REBUILT BY WARREN HASTINGS.

"8th July, 1816: The workman began to remove the pews (mine, of course, to remain so), desk, and pulpit, and to unslate the roof. The woodwork deposited in the stable. 9th: The rafters all removed, and lastly the belfry taken down. 10th, 11th, and 12th: Demolition. Part cleared to the foundation, which was found to be free stone all round, and the walls 12ft. 6in. high, and 2ft. 3in. thick. The wall, composed of irregular stones, was laid in plain earth. The Gothic porch down. Bell 19in. diameter at bottom, and 15in. deep in the inside. 13th: Laid four of the groin stones for the foundation, the fifth to be re-laid. 15th: Bank removed. 16th: First courses well advanced. 20th: The church much impeded by yesterday's rain, but otherwise going on well, and the timber frame much advanced. 23rd: The wall is above the window sills. The ladies went to see the church. 25th: I wrote to countermand the Gothic, and directed Roman instead. At 12½ the walls were 7 and 7½ft. 27th: The south-west window in the way of being done to-day. 29th: At 2 I visited the church. Lead laid over the arch. 31st: The north-west and north-east windows finished. 1st August: The masons employed in raising the scaffolding. 5th. The principal parts of the belfry brought home. The projection of the north-west wall finished. 7th: Letter from Mr. Rowe proposing a tablet of 29½ by 25½, which I answered thus: 'Sir,—I have attentively considered your drawing in every point of

view, and particularly with relation to the situation in which the proposed tablet is to be placed. The tablet you recommend is, I think, considerably larger than will be necessary, nor do I quite like the proportions of it. I request, therefore, that the tablet which you are to prepare for me may be precisely 28in. and one-third by 20in. Within that space I am persuaded that you will be able to engrave the whole of the inscription in capitals large and distinct enough for the situation which is to receive it. I particularly request that all the words and the lines may be kept distinct from each other, and I approve the method you have taken to separate and mark the Scriptural quotation from the rest of the inscription. You will be pleased, according to your own suggestion, to provide that the tablet shall stand half-an-inch from the wall, and have two hitch blocks for its support. I am, &c.' 10th August: The principal rafters, and many of the smaller, and the wall tablets are fixed, and the water tablets and the pediment finished. 13th: The base stone of the belfry well laid and bedded. 17th: The arch of the tower in three pieces, and the bell placed. 19th: The turret finished. The remaining rafters laid, and the chancel partly demolished, begun to-day. 24th: Half the slating done, and 3ft. of walling to the chancel. 26th: The slating of one side finished. 4th September: The two front windows up and covered; the arches waiting for the others; the floor about half laid; the cornice arranged on the ground. 7th: At eleven the opposite walls were completed, and the end wall far advanced; the flooring laid. 8th: The tablet arrived. 10th: All timbers and masonry of the chancel finished, and slating two courses done. 11th: The slating of the south-east side of the chancel completed. 14th: The ridge laid, and the roof finished; the rubbish removed, and the floors swept. 23rd: Plastering finished; labourers unemployed. 31st: The tablet put up and fixed, and well done. 12th November: Eight stained windows arrived. 15th: The painted window fixed. 27th: Pews complete. 29th: Gibbs brought the tablet of E.H. and began the excavation of the gravestone; ordered to be inserted above in the wall at the height of 6ft. I gave directions to Gibbs to erect a gravestone in the churchyard, with this local inscription: 'The Rev. Penyston Hastings, B.A., Rector of this church, was buried here the 1st of October, 1752.' 8th December: This day, just five months from the demolition of the church, Divine service was performed by the Rev. J. Owen, curate, with a prayér and sermon for the occasion, most appropriate and impressive. A full congregation. No sensible damp or offensive smell. Mrs. Hastings prevented from going by the remains of a very severe indisposition. Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff and all our servants, with two unavoidable exceptions, present. Of these none have on this day (Monday) suffered any symptoms of indisposition from the recency of the masonry. Sunday, 15th: We all went to church. 17th: My eighty-fourth birthday. 5th January: Gibbs fixed the stone over my grandfather's grave."

The tablet referred to bears the following inscription :—

"This Church derives its foundation from a grant of Ethelwald, King of the Mercians, who reigned between the years of our Lord 716 and 757. Sanctified by the prayers, rites, and oblations of its successive parochial members through a period exceeding 1,000 years, it was rebuilt with such of the same material as constituted its primitive structure, and had escaped the mouldering hand of Time, with its identity unchanged; and the uniformity of its Saxon architecture, which had suffered some encroachment upon it from the license of incidental reparations, was restored in the year of our Lord 1816. 'For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and a watch in the night,' Psl. XC. 4."

On the 13th of January, 1814, "I was," he noted in his diary, "seized about three with a total loss of articulation, and want of power in my right hand for the first time." But he soon recovered. His health was variable for the four following years. He suffered at times from toothache, at other times from spasms and languor; but, for an octogenarian, he was usually active and hearty. On the 21st May, 1818, however, he noted: "Health and my nerves shaken by walking. This is the third day that I have been affected with a confused sound as of distant multitudes." The next day he wrote: "I have been visited by confused and indistinct sensations, as of the sound of distant multitudes; at times it resembles slow music; but its effect, whether sensible or imaginary, not distinguishable." But again he rallied, and, on the 7th January, he wrote to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, "accepting his intimation of a promise to come to Daylesford." On the 19th he noted: "Since about a fortnight past my eyes have been much inflamed with a movable sensation of some internal irritation." On the 13th July he was "seized with staggering" after a drive with Mrs. Hastings, and was copiously bled. On the 17th he passed an "unquiet night, and arose with my limbs weak and shaken." On the 19th he "sat in the great chair much of the middle of the night, and afterwards in the bed lay till late." On the 20th he recorded:—"I awoke with my throat much swelled, and a difficulty of swallowing at breakfast continued unabated at dinner, which I took alone, but without pain, and my appetite the same as it had been, unchanged, through all other variations. I cannot recollect the loss of time, but ascribe the past events of the day to . . ." This, his last entry, closed the diary that he had kept in eleven neat little volumes since the 18th January, 1784, the day before Mrs. Hastings left Calcutta for Europe. It is reasonable to assume that he had been in the habit of keeping a diary for many years previously; but, if such was the case, the volumes were not preserved. They might have proved of great value to the historian, biographer, and essayist.

He died at Daylesford after six weeks illness, surrounded by the nearest and dearest of his few relatives. He had reminded his wife, in a letter dated Lucknow, 13th August, 1784, of how often she had "heard me declare in the most resolute terms that I never would be seen by you under the disgusting circumstances of a state of sickness"; and Gleig states in his memoir that, just before he expired, Hastings drew a cambric handkerchief over his face, and when those who were weeping near him found that he suffered it to remain there some time, and gently raised it, they found that he was dead. Thus, like Job, he "came to the grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season." He was buried near his mother, and among his ancestors for many generations, in a new vault, close behind the chancel, which is marked by a pillar bearing an urn with his two names carved upon it, and surrounded by iron railings. The following inscription appears on a plain tablet within the Church:—

"In a vault just beyond the Eastern extremity of this Church lies the body of the Right Honourable Warren Hastings, of Daylesford House, in this parish, the first Governor-General of the British Territories in India, a member of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, LL.D., F.R.S., the last public effort of whose eminently virtuous and lengthened life was the re-erection of the second edifice, which he superintended with singular energy and interest to its completion, and in which alas! the holy rites of sepulture were very shortly afterwards performed over his mortal remains. He died 22nd August, 1818, aged 85 years and 8 months. 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

Hastings gave proof of his unbounded affection for, and confidence in his wife by his will, of which I have obtained a copy from Somerset House. It is dated the 27th of July, 1811, or seven years before his death:—

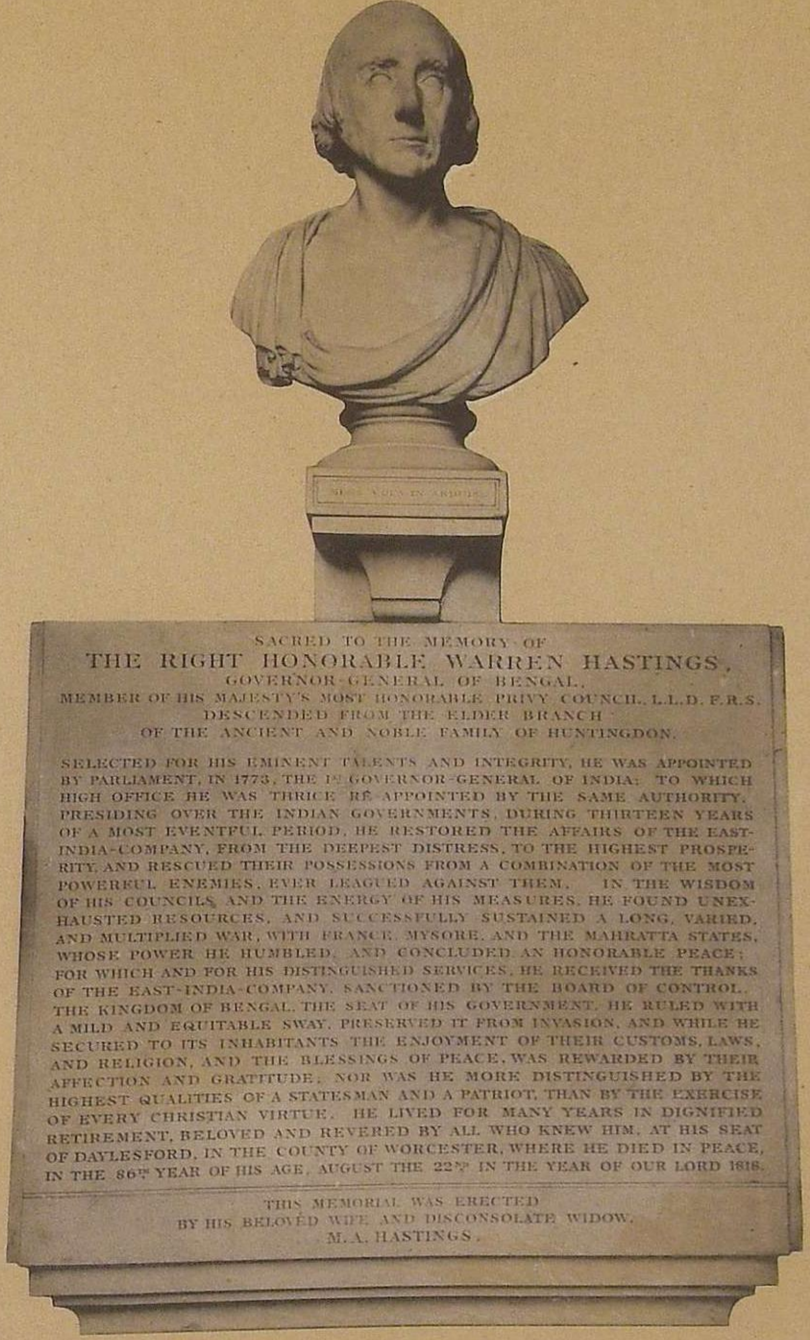
"I, Warren Hastings, Esquire, late Governor-General of Fort William, in Bengal, being in my perfect and sound mind, do make and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. I give, devise, and bequeath unto my dear wife, Anna Maria Apollonia Hastings, all my estates both real and personal, all the debts which are or shall be due to me, and all my rights of property, to hold to her, her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, according to the nature of such estates, with power to give, devise, and bequeath the same to whomsoever she shall think proper. And I appoint her sole Executrix of this my Will, and hereby revoking all former Wills, I declare this alone to be my last Will and Testament. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-seventh day of July, one thousand eight hundred and eleven."

There were spots on his fame, but so splendid was that fame that it would, says Macaulay, "bear many spots," and his administration "gives him title to be considered as one of the most remarkable men in our history." He was responsible for abuses, but he "never had a share in the worst abuses" of those old times. He might easily have become enormously rich had he been guilty of cruelty or fraud; but far more than Clive might he have been surprised in his retirement by his moderation. He was not squeamish in money matters, but he was "neither sordid nor rapacious." Professor Wilson maintains that "there were defects, no doubt, but there were no great crimes and misdemeanours to justify his impeachment. . . . The safety and honour of British India were manifestly the motives of all his actions. Whether he was not at times less unrelenting than the occasion called for may admit of conjecture; but undoubtedly the times were critical, great firmness was demanded, and its excess was a venial error, when its deficiency would have been an inexpiable crime."

Hastings was not bred to public affairs. In the answer that he made to the indictment of the House of Commons he complained that a "state of perfection" was expected from "a man who was separated, while yet but a schoolboy, from his native country, and from every advantage of that instruction which might have better qualified him for the high offices and arduous situations which it became his lot to fill." "He owed," says Sir Alfred Lyall, "nothing to the study of text books, nothing to accepted usage, official precedent, professional tradition," or the pressure of public opinion. He "had been shipped out to India a raw lad, and had been left to gather his experience among the extraordinary incidents of Anglo-Indian politics in their earliest, roughest, and most rudimentary stage." Burke characterised him as "a bad scribbler of absurd papers who could never put two

22.—THE WARREN HASTINGS STATUE IN THE INDIA OFFICE.

W. GRIGGS & SONS, COLLOTYPERS, LONDON.



23.—THE WARREN HASTINGS MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

W. GRIGGS & SONS, COLLOTYPERS, LONDON.

sentences of sense together;" and Macaulay alleged that "gentlemen in the Indian services write above their abilities," are "too much of essayists," and that Hastings "gave the character to Indian official writing which it now bears." But Francis, implacable foe though he was, admitted that there was no contending against the pen of Hastings, whose "power of making out a case, of perplexing what it was inconvenient that people should understand, and of setting in the clearest point of view whatever would bear the light, was incomparable." In the fragment of the autobiography to which I have already alluded, Hastings refers to himself as a man who had been "placed by His will who governs all things in a situation to give birth to events that were connected with the incidents of nations; which were invariably prosperous to those of his own, but productive to himself of years of depression and persecution, and of the chances of want only relieved by occasional and surely providential means, though never affecting the durable state of his mental tranquillity."

He inspired all classes in Bengal with confidence and attachment. He enjoyed a popularity among the natives "such as no other Governor has been able to attain." The Civil Service felt an affection for him that was constant through all his disasters; and the Army revered him as a chief who was well worthy of support. He was considerate towards religious and race prejudices, and he gave Bengal a peace such as it had not previously known. His temper was calm, and, according to Macaulay, "equal to almost any trial. Quick and vigorous as his intellect was, the patience with which he endured the most cruel vexations, till a remedy could be found, resembled the patience of stupidity. He seems to have been capable of bitter and long-enduring resentments; yet his resentment so seldom hurried him into any blunder that it might be doubted whether what appeared to be revenge was anything but policy." He had "the full command of one of the most fertile minds that ever existed," and "no complication of perils and embarrassments could perplex him, but for every difficulty he had a contrivance ready" that "seldom failed to serve the purpose for which it was designed." In private life, according to the "Annual Register" of 1818, "he is painted as the most amiable of human beings, with a nature 'full of the milk of human kindness,' and without a tincture of gall in its composition."

He made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson after his first return from India, and the lexicographer formed a high opinion of him. In a letter to him, at Calcutta, dated the 30th March, 1774, Dr. Johnson remarked: "Though I have had but little personal knowledge of you, I have had enough to make me wish for more, and though it is now a long time since I was honoured by your visit, I had too much pleasure from it to forget it." He then alluded to Hastings's efforts "to increase the learning of your country by the introduction of the Persian language," and requested his acceptance of an accompanying copy of Sir William Jones's "Persian Grammar." Later in the same year Dr. Johnson forwarded to the Governor-General a copy of his own "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland;" and said: "I wish you a prosperous government, a safe return, and a long enjoyment of plenty and tranquillity." Years afterwards Hastings told Boswell that he cherished a "veneration for your great and good friend."

There was an interval of thirty-three years between the date of Hastings's resignation of the Governor-Generalship and that of his death, and he consequently survived almost all his contemporaries. But when he died, people were reminded of what he had been; and the Directors of the East India Company resolved to mark their respect for his character, and their gratitude for his services, by raising a white marble statue to his memory within the precincts of their House. That famous head-centre of the administrative machinery of India, with its labyrinthine corridors, wainscoted rooms, wide staircases, and old-world air, disappeared soon after Parliament required the Company to resign its authority to the Crown; and the fine statue of Hastings, by Flaxman, of which I am enabled to give a picture, was removed from Leadenhall Street to the new India Office in St. James's Park, where it now occupies a conspicuous position in a hall close to the Secretary of State's rooms.

It is surprising that the Directors did not raise a monument in Hastings's honour in Westminster Abbey, where, according to Trikell, who was buried in the Poets' Corner:—

> Along the walls the speaking marbles show
> What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
> Proud names who once the reins of empire held,
> In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
> Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood:
> Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
> Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
> And saints, who taught, and led the way to Heaven.

A monument was erected in the Abbey by the Company in 1758 to the memory of Admiral Watson, as a "grateful testimony of the signal advantages which they obtained by his valour and prudent conduct" in recovering Calcutta after the Black Hole catastrophe, in the immediately preceding year. Opposite to it is another large monument, that was erected by the Company to the memory of General Sir Eyre Coote, Commander-in-Chief in India, who repeatedly defeated the French and Hyder Ali in the Carnatic. In the nave is a monument that was erected by the Company in honour of General Stringer Lawrence, "in testimony of their gratitude for his eminent services in the command of the forces on the Coast of Coromandel." The Earl of Minto, Governor-General of India from 1807 to 1813, who pre-deceased Hastings, was buried in the Abbey; and his brother, the Hon'ble Hugh Elliott, Governor of Madras from 1814 to 1820, was placed some years later by his side. For Sir Archibald Campbell, Governor of Madras from 1786 to 1790, a resting-place was found in the Poets' Corner. In later years the Abbey received the remains of Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay; Sir Herbert Edwardes, the hero of Multan; Earl Canning, and Lord Lawrence, Viceroys of India; Sir George Pollock, of Afghan fame; Lord Clyde, and Sir James Outram, Commanders-in-Chief in India; &c. The white marble statues of Lord Canning and Sir John Malcolm are among the finest in the Abbey; and the monuments of the other eminent men who have been named have many merits. At St. Paul's Cathedral there are memorial statues of Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta; of Heber, his immediate successor; of Sir William Jones, Orientalist and Judge; of the Marquis Cornwallis, twice Governor-General; of Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay and historian of early India; of Sir Henry Lawrence, the hero of Lucknow; of Sir Charles Napier, Commander-in-Chief in India; and of General Robert Gillespie; not to speak of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Assaye and a hundred other battles. There are bronze statues of Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Lawrence, Lord Clyde, and Sir George Pollock, in Waterloo Place; of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Charles Napier at Charing Cross; of Sir James Outram and Sir Bartle Frere on the Thames Embankment; and of Lord Clive in the market-place at Shrewsbury; but in death, as in life, Warren Hastings received less than his deserts as compared with the recognition of the services of other men who once occupied the first rank in India.

As the Directors did not move in the matter, Mrs. Hastings charged herself with the duty of placing in the Abbey a memorial of her husband, consisting of a tablet surmounted by a bust; and the Dean of Westminster having allowed me to have this monument photographed, I am enabled to give a collotype by Mr. Griggs that does justice to it. The tablet bears the following inscription:—

"Selected for his eminent talents and integrity, he was appointed by Parliament, in 1773, the first Governor-General of India; to which high office he was thrice re-appointed by the same authority. Presiding over the Indian Governments during thirteen years of a most eventful period, he restored the affairs of the East India Company, from the deepest distress, to the highest prosperity, and rescued their possessions from a combination of the most powerful enemies ever leagued against them. In the wisdom of his councils and the energy of his measures, he found unexhausted resources, and successfully sustained a long, varied, and multiplied war, with France, Mysore, and the Mahratta States, whose power he humbled, and concluded an honourable peace; for which, and for his distinguished services, he received the thanks of the East India Company, sanctioned by the Board of Control. The kingdom of Bengal, the seat of his Government, he ruled with a mild and equitable sway, preserved it from invasion, and, while he secured to its inhabitants the enjoyment of their customs, laws, and religion, and the blessings of peace, was rewarded by their affection and gratitude; nor was he more distinguished by the higher qualities of a statesman and a patriot, than by the exercise of every Christian virtue. He lived for many years in dignified retirement, beloved and revered by all who knew him, at his seat of Daylesford, in the County of Worcester, where he died in peace in the 86th year of his age, August the 22nd, in the year of our Lord 1818."

Beneath the inscription it is stated that "This memorial was erected by his beloved wife and disconsolate widow, M. A. Hastings."

When the news of Hastings's death reached Calcutta a public meeting of the inhabitants was held, and it was resolved to request the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General, to allow a statue of his eminent predecessor to be erected in that city. The Marquis had, as Earl of Moira, been one of Hastings's judges; and, after expressing his concurrence in the proposed tribute of public respect, he stated that he had been most punctual in his attendance at the trial of Hastings; that he had conscientiously pronounced a verdict of acquittal; and that all which he had learned since his arrival in India had testified to the justice of that finding.

"Madame" Hastings, as she was called at Daylesford long before and long after her decease, was in her seventy-first year when she lost her husband, yet she survived him nearly twenty years. Miss Burney described her as being "lively, obliging, and entertaining, and so adored by her husband that in her sight and conversation he seems to find a recompense, adequate to all his wishes, for the whole of his toils and long disturbances and labours;" and Mr. Gleig was assured by those who had had extensive opportunities of judging, that "long after she had passed the period of middle life she was altogether fascinating." There are a few old folk still living in and around Daylesford who cherish an affectionate recollection of her. She completed her ninetieth year on the 2nd February, 1837; and, on the 29th of the immediately following month, she passed away.

Her will, dated the 29th March, 1830, commenced with an expression of her devout thanks to the Almighty for granting her strength of mind to dispose of her affairs, and of her desire to be laid beside her beloved husband in the vault in Daylesford churchyard, from whence, she trusted, they would rise together to that blessed abode which God, in His infinite mercy, had promised to those who did His will. It directed that the burial was not to take place within ten days of her demise; that it was to be conducted very privately; and that no man was to be allowed to touch her body. It stated that she had deposited with her bankers £6,000 to pay off a mortgage raised by her husband on the estate. It proceeded to say that she left £13,900 in Consols; directed the distribution of this sum among her nieces and grand-nieces; and ordered the payment of £1 to each man, woman, and on behalf of each child on the estate. It gave her son, Sir Charles Imhoff, the free use of the house and estate during his life, with the rents and profits arising therefrom; and it provided that, should he not care to reside at Daylesford, then the house was to be let exactly in the condition as to furniture in which it had been left by her husband and herself. It required her executors to sell the house and estate after her son's death, and to divide the proceeds between her nieces, Mrs. Woodman and Miss Marian Chapuset, and her grand-nephew, Mr. W. H. Woodman. It apportioned the residue equally between these three relatives, another niece, and Lady Imhoff, and directed that, in the event of Lady Imhoff's death, her share should be divided equally among the other participators in the residue.

In the year 1786 Queen Charlotte recommended young Charles Imhoff to the notice of her kinsman, the Prince of Waldeck, who thereupon had him trained as a soldier. Later on Imhoff obtained a commission in the British Army. In 1803 Hastings wrote to him to say that he loved him and his wife, Charlotte (a daughter of Sir Charles Blount), as "the children of my adoption and of my heart's election," and, alluding to "your good and amiable mother," now aged fifty-six, he mentioned that she "continues even in beauty to exceed every woman who comes within my observation." The mother was devoted to her son and daughter-in-law; and, notwithstanding a heavy loss, about the year 1796, by the failure of a Dutch firm in the City, she was in a position to make gifts to the former amounting to £40,000, and to settle £10,000 on the latter. "This," she wrote, "will enable him to live very comfortably with his beloved Charlotte, and my mind will be easy respecting my beloved children; whatever my fate may be let me see my children happy and comfortable." In 1807 Imhoff received the Royal license to accept the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Foreign Order of St. Joachim, with the titular distinction of a Knight in England. He became Lieutenant-General of Jersey in 1814, and full General in 1846. He lived until 1853, attaining the same age as his step-father, and surviving his nonagenarian mother by sixteen years. He then died. By his will, dated the 10th August, 1847, he left legacies amounting to about £22,500. He directed that in the event of his dying in London he was to be buried beside his wife in Kensal Green Cemetery; but, should he die at Daylesford, then his body was to be laid beside that of his mother in Daylesford Churchyard. He bequeathed £1,000 to his half-sister, the daughter of his father, Baron Imhoff, by his second wife; and divided the rest of his property among his first and second cousins. A marble tablet in the church is

"In memory of General Sir Charles Imhoff, K.J., who departed this life 14th February, 1853, aged 86. According to his express desire he was interred by the side of his beloved Mother, Anna Maria Apollonia, relict of the Right Honourable Warren Hastings."

He left no children, and the estate being offered for sale, under Mrs. Hastings's will, was purchased by Mr. R. N. Byass, by whom it was sold in 1853 to Mr. Harman Grisewood, of Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London, who held it until his death in London in 1870; and in 1873 it was acquired by Mr. C. E. Baring Young, M.P., son of a former partner in the firm of Baring Brothers. Mr. Grisewood marked his tenure of the property by adding to the embellishments of the house, and enhancing the beauty of the grounds, and also by rebuilding the few cottages forming the village, and by substituting a gem of a Gothic church for the unpretentious edifice which Hastings had caused to be erected. He had the last-named fact recorded in the following inscription on a tablet within the church:—

"This Church, which was rebuilt by the Right Honourable Warren Hastings, in the year of our Lord 1816, as is recorded in the foregoing inscription, having been found too small to accommodate the increasing number of the inhabitants of the parish, was taken down, and the present edifice erected on the same site by Harman Grisewood, Esq., in the year of our Lord 1860."

Mr. Grisewood was buried in the adjoining churchyard, which, with its closely mown grass, its beds of bright flowers, its well arranged tombs, its neat walks, its yew and walnut trees, its ivy-clad stone walls, and its picturesque lych gate, is a model of what "God's Acre" should be, and does honour to the Rev. Arthur Grisewood, the present Rector, nephew of the late lord of the manor. Strange to say, Daylesford was exempted from the operation of the Interdict which the Pope fulminated against King John, of Magna Charta celebrity; and for a time the dead were brought hither for Christian burial from many a mile around; so that the churchyard of this secluded village, which has never had more than a hundred inhabitants, abounds with the relics of humanity. The King sleeps under a gilded effigy of himself before the high altar of the noble Cathedral at Worcester; and many generations of the family of Hastings rest equally well, close to him whom Macaulay called the "greatest man who ever bore that ancient and widely extended name." There let them rest.

24.—ILLUMINATED PAGE FROM WARREN HASTINGS'S LIBRARY

W. GRIGGS & SONS, LITH., LONDON.

THIS LIFE IS THE GREAT SCHOOLMASTER AND EXPERIENCE

THE MIGHTY VOLUME

"It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and gather the Honey of Wisdom, not from flowers but THORNS."—*Lord Lytton.*

AT HOME—My Household God.
ABROAD—My Vade Mecum.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT!' I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol, at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit Pain—'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

"When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make,
But drain the dregs and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up.'"

Writing again on January 24th, 1888, he adds:—

"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
ENO'S FRUIT SALT will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—EGYPT.—CAIRO.—"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable Fruit Salt, to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty. Believe me to be gratefully yours,

Mr. J. C. Eno. A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, 26th May, 1883.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.—"During the late Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M—'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT." 'Take,' he said, 'an old soldier's advice;' so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P—'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and awoke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the colonel said at mess, 'You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you, did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,' said the colonel, 'I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayoobs.' After that the colonel was always called 'Old Eno.'"—From "MESS STORIES," by PROTEUS, pp. 126, 127, published by Messrs. Simkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

A NATURAL APERIENT, WITHOUT HAZARDOUS FORCE. An unsolicited testimonial from the late S. C. HALL, F.S.A., who wrote the following when above 80 years of age: "I have for a long time used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have found it an effective yet gentle aperient, very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, especially such as exercise not the limbs but the brain, and frequently require to assist nature without hazardous force. It acts according to the quantity taken—either as a relieving medicine or as a cooling and refreshing drink, and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates."

INDIA AND ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—"Dilbrughar, Upper Assam, India, March 6th, 1880. Dear Sir,—I desire to state the advantage which I, and I do not doubt many others in this part of the world, have derived from your 'FRUIT SALT.' Unlike other Saline Aperients, it is not lowering in its action, though previous to its immediate action it naturally causes great thirst. I have used it on board ship in tropical latitudes, and both there and here I can most honestly bear witness to the fact that its use has warded off fever over and over again. When taken in time it is invaluable. As far as I am aware it is most popular in this part of North Eastern Asiatic India, and I consider that you are distinctly entitled to this testimonial from me. I need not add it is wholly unrequested. I enclose my card, but from my extreme individual inconvenience arising from publicity, I do not wish my name to appear, and merely subscribe myself, most truly yours, 'A PLANTER.'—J. C. ENO, Esq., HATCHAM FRUIT SALT WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—"Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it is only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—January 25th, 1889.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE, WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see that the capsule is marked Eno's "Fruit Salt." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS.

WEAK NERVES, induced by a variety of causes—worry, overwork, and what not—are, unfortunately, the characteristic of our time. Efforts to cope with nervous exhaustion by means of physic have been diligently made for years, but the result has been far from satisfactory. In only the simpler cases is any relief secured. That relief, again, is at the best temporary, and there is, on the other hand, the mischief wrought to the human frame by drugging it to be weighed. No wonder, therefore, that medical men and patients have been driven to despair, and that castaways on the Isle of Infirmity have long and hopelessly flown their signals of distress upon the winds of heaven. Happily for them and for future generations, this signal has not been displayed in vain. The good ship Science has seen it, and has borne down to the relief. From the stores of this beneficent vessel has been sent out a truly efficacious remedy. Curiously enough, it is an agent that has already done much for us in a variety of ways. Its name is Electricity, which promises to do for the nerves of man what it has already done for his eyes, his intelligence, and his locomotion. Nay, "promise" is not the word—it has done it already, and is doing it at the present moment. And that our own work may not stand alone, we turn to authorities for evidence in the matter.

Dr. W. E. Stevenson, the Consulting Physician and Electrician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, after duly weighing the case, says deliberately and emphatically:—"There is no doubt Electricity is one of the most powerful nerve tonics we possess. No agent so quickly restores the depressed condition of the system resulting from illness. In all states of nervous depression, as from long mental strain or overtaxed bodily powers, general galvanism has proved a refreshing and most invigorating tonic." The next point, therefore, to be considered, is as to the best method of applying these galvanic currents to the system without 'shocks' or discomfort, and for this purpose we cannot do better than strongly recommend all nervous sufferers to wear one of

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The Medical Battery Company (Limited), are the sole proprietors and manufacturers of this far-famed curative appliance, and that the public may thoroughly understand and appreciate their bona-fide character, they invite everybody who is able to visit London to inspect their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, W., where the Electropathic Belt may be seen scientifically tested, and unsolicited testimonials and Press notices, originating from all quarters of the world, may be examined. Here, also Mr. C. B. Harness, the President of the Company, and their other officers may be consulted gratis, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to health and the application of curative electricity

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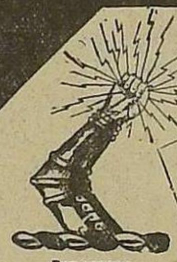

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"ULWAR AND ITS ART TREASURES."

By Surgeon-Major T. H. Hendley.

250 copies were printed, of which 24 were reserved for sale at £5 each. Only 11 now remain. In an eloquent review of the book in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, by Mons. Senart of the Institute of France, of which a translation appears in No. 32 of the *Journal of Indian Art*, the reviewer says:—

"The most instructive examples of the skill of the past are disappearing too rapidly. Dr. Hendley has desired to preserve some of these by accurately cataloguing them and, above all, by faithful reproductions. The origin of Hindu industry offers a number of problems intimately connected with history. He has wished to bring to their solution some characteristic records. It is certain that he has produced a work which is useful to all those who have any feeling for the fantasies of Eastern art, or for the curiosity of exotic fashions, or even who seek for fresh inspirations, or new subjects of interest. How could one fail to enjoy turning over these beautiful plates? One can form some idea of the ingenious toil, which the patience of the Hindus and their native sentiment for elegance, have furnished in a not far distant past, and which they are still capable of furnishing under enlightened direction and some encouragement. This work is a charming souvenir for the man who has had the surprise of seeing the pretty things come out of narrow dusty little shops, or the rude little caskets of Delhi, of Jeypore, of Benares or of Ahmedabad. It is a pleasant lesson for him who has not given himself the gratification of going to seek them in their natural setting and picturesque surroundings."

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